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AN ESSAY ON MAN.

TOGETHER WITH THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER,

AND

The Dying CHRISTIAN to his Soul.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ;

TRANSLATED INTO PROSE,

After the Manner of the Rev. Mr. HERVEY, Author of the Meditations amongst the Tombs, &c.

BY T. ROBERT, A. M.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

LONDON,
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THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

OUR hero was descended from a good family in Oxfordshire. His father's Christian name was Alexander, who was an eminent merchant, and a distant relation of the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. Our poet's mother, Editha, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq; of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, a second died in the service of King Charles the first, and the eldest was a general officer in the Spanish army.

NOTHING extraordinary happened to

her during her pregnancy. Our bard was born in London, the 21ſt of May 1688, and was chriſtened by the name of Alexander. He was of a tender and delicate conſtitution, which occaſioned his being ſo late of going to ſchool. He was taught to read at home by an old aunt, and learned to write without any aſſiſtance, by copying printed books. He took uncommon delight in reading. The family being of the Romiſh religion, at eight years of age he was put under one Taverner, a prieſt, who lived in Hampſhire, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues together; and he ſoon after was ſent to a popiſh ſeminary near Wincheſter, from whence he was removed to a ſchool near Hyde-park corner. He received very little benefit under thoſe maſters, which made him write a ſatire, expoſing their inſufficiency: for he ſays that he was obliged to begin over-again, and was one that might be ſaid to be ſelf-taught.

He had very early an inclination for

poetry; and happening to meet with Ogilby's tranſlation of Virgil, and Sandy's tranſlation of Ovid, he read them with pleaſure and delight: and the effect they had upon his young fancy, though none of them were very elegant, made him ſpeak of them with pleaſure in the cloſe of life: the productions of his childhood were above one fourth part of Ovid's metamorphoſis, and the Thebaid of Statius.

In this period of his life he was enamoured with the drama, and turned the Iliad into a kind of play, perſuading ſome of his ſchool-fellows to act parts of it. His father, who had a nice ear in poetry, frequently cauſed young Alexander to go over his rhimes a ſecond time, and make great alterations in them; after which he would read them over with pleaſure, and approve of them.

His father, after the revolution, converted his goods into caſh, and retired to Binfield, in Windſor foreſt, being then in an indifferent ſtate of health. He loved

ſilence and ſolitude, and was a man of an extream good moral character. But as he was a Papiſt, his conſcience would not allow him to put his money (which was conſiderable) in the funds. He therefore locked it up in a cheſt, and lived upon the principal: ſo that before his death he had conſumed moſt part of it.

In the year 1700, Mr Pope publiſhed the following poem on ſolitude, which expreſſes his own inclination, as he was fond of retirement and privacy.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herd with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years ſlide ſoft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night, ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mixt, ſweet recreation,
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

At fourteen he had acquired a readineſs in two learned languages, and came to London to learn French and Italian; to which his family objected, on account of his bad ſtate of health: but he maſtered thoſe languages with ſurpriſing diſpatch. He was particularly fond of Dryden's works; by theſe he modelled his ſtile and verſification. One particular reaſon of our

bard liking Dryden was, becauſe the caſt of that poet was moſt congenial with his own. He always mentioned him with a kind of rapturous veneration. About the age of 15, he began to write his poem called Alcanor, and this performance was a full proof of his childiſh folly, of which he ſpeaks with ſo much candour, as the ingenuous reader will be glad to ſee, from a paſſage preſerved in his preface to his own works.

"I confeſs there was a time when I "was in love with myſelf, and my firſt "productions were the children of ſelf-"love upon innocence. I had made an "epic poem, and panegyrics on all the "princes of Europe, and I thought myſelf "the greateſt genius that ever was. I "cannot but repeat theſe delightful viſions "of my childhood, which, like the fine "colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, "are vaniſhed for ever."

BETWEEN this and his 20th year, he ſpent his time in reading the moſt conſi-

derable poets in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Engliſh languages. He alſo made a tranſlation of Tully de ſenectute. It is a common obſervation that ſome ſeeds of vanity and ſelf conceit are neceſſary ingredients in the compoſition of a poet.

He learned his philoſophy chiefly from Mr Locke, and by this means he became delighted with that preciſion of thought; though nature had formed and diſpoſed him for method in his compoſitions, and Mr. Locke's immortal eſſay had warmed and fortified his innate love of truth.

He compoſed ſeveral other poetical pieces: Theſe are printed among his juvenile poems in the firſt and ſecond volumes of his works; after they had made their appearance without his name, ſome in the ſixth volume of Tonſon's Miſcellanies, in 1711. They conſiſt of a tranſlation of part of the firſt book of Statius's Thebaid; ſeveral tranſlations from Homer, and imitations of Engliſh poets, viz. Chaucer, Spencer, Waller, Cowley, &c. The tranſlations

were performed by way of exercises at school, to improve himself in the language; and he chose rather to do them in verse, as easier to him than prose. The imitations were generally condemned; and it is no wonder so young an author should mistake his fondness for his genius. He was sensible of it afterwards, and seems to hint at the mistake, in the preface to the first volume of his poems published in 1717, where he takes particular notice of this, as one of the difficulties and dangers that attend the profession of a poet. Mr. Pope's miscarriage is said to have animated another to make a like attempt, which produced six very humorous epigrams upon a pipe of tobacco, in the manner of six distinguished poets, each admirably performed.

This early piece was long afterwards communicated by him to Dr. Atterbury, with a declared intention to burn it, in which that friend concurred: though, adds he, I would have interceded

for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. So far seemed a little cruel, and to soften it, the Bishop concludes with this high-strained soothing panegyric. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with from a person good for any thing else, nay, for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself. After all, though the written copy might undergo this cruel execution, yet the original, it seems, was faithfully preserved in the author's memory; at least, if what a late writer tells us he had received from credible information be true, that some of the anonymous verses quoted as examples of the Art of sinking in poetry, in the incomparable satire so called, were such as our poet remembered from his own Alcander. Nor was the vanity of writing an epic poem cured by this failure in the first attempt. On the contrary, the errors and imperfections he observed in it, seem to have remained upon him as so many stimulations to a se-

cond attempt, in compoſing which, the faults of the firſt would be of no uſe, by way of a leſſon to avoid them. However that be, we are aſſured by his editor, that he had framed a deſign of writing an epic poem on our old Annaliſts, and therefore more engaging to an Engliſhman; this was on the arrival of Brutus, the ſuppoſed grandſon of Æneas, in our iſland, and the ſettlement of the firſt founders of the Britiſh monarchy. In this poem he deſigned to treat amply of all that regarded civil regimen of the ſcience of politicks; the ſeveral forms of a republick were here to be examined and explained, together with the ſeveral modes of religious worſhip, as far as they affect ſociety. And the whole was to be written in rhyme. The author of the eſſay juſt cited, thinks that the ſucceſs of this attempt would have been no better than the former. And to ſupport that cenſure he obſerves, that Pope's genius was chiefly of the didactic kind, with very little of the ſublime and pathe-

tic, which are the main nerves of the Epopœa; that he would have given us many elegant deſcriptions and many general characters well drawn; but would have failed to ſet before our eyes the reality of theſe objects, and the actions of theſe characters; that Pope's cloſe and conſtant reaſoning had by this time impaired and cruſhed the faculty of imagination; that the political reflections would, in all probability, have been more numerous, than the affecting ſtrokes of nature; that it would have more reſembled the Henriade than the Iliad, or even the Gieruſalemme Liberata; that it would have appeared, if this ſcheme had been executed, how much and for what reaſons the man that is ſkilful in painting modern life, and the moſt ſecret foibles and follies of his contemporaries, is therefore diſqualified for repreſenting the ages of heroiſm, and that of ſimple life, which alone epic poetry can gracefully deſcribe. He alſo adds, that the ſingle circumſtance of rhyme was ſufficient of it-

ſelf alone to overwhelm and extinguiſh all enthuſiaſm, and produce endleſs tautologies and circumlocutions. This writer concludes with imagining Dr. Warburton's opinion to be the ſame with his, ſince there could not have been a more improper ſubject for an epic poem, than the particulrrs of which that editor informs us it was chiefly to conſiſt. The ſame writer remarks, that the firſt poem that appeared in France any thing like an epic poem, was on this identical ſubject of Brutus's arriving in England. It was written by Euſtache, in the reign of Louis VII. who came to the throne in 1137, and was huſband of the celebrated Eleonora, afterwards divorced and married to our Henry II.

In 1704, he wrote the firſt part of his Windſor Foreſt, though the whole was not publiſhed till 1710.

During his reſidence in the foreſt, our poet compoſed a comedy and a tragedy. With reſpect to the ſubject of the

former, we are wholly in the dark; the latter, however, was founded on a ſtory taken from the legend of St. Genevieve. But whether he diſtruſted his talents for dramatic poetry, or whether he was cautious of hazarding his fame on the fickle taſte of a captious audience, he could never be prevailed on to write for the ſtage, though he was importuned by ſeveral.

His father's retired abode in the foreſt being at Binfield near Oakingham, and in the neighbourhood of Sir William Trumball's eſtate, that knight ſoon became a valuable acquaintance to our young poet; and his firſt entrance into the polite world, even whilſt he was under tuition, is to be dated from his intimacy with Sir William.

As this gentleman was young Pope's firſt patron, and uſhered him into the great theatre of the world, we think it not amiſs to give our readers a ſhort account of him.

Sir William Trumball was born at Eaſt-Hamſtead in Berkſhire. He was fellow of All Souls College in Oxford, ſtudied the

civil law, and was ſent to Tangier, the ſecond judge-advocate, by Charles II.

He was from thence ſent envoy to Florence, Turin, &c. and in his way back, envoy extraordinary to France, from whence he was ſent ambaſſador to the Ottoman Porte by king James II.

He was in the ſucceeding reign appointed one of the lords of the treaſury, and ſecretary of ſtate with the duke of Shrewſbury; but in the year 1697 he reſigned the ſaid office.

Chusing to enjoy, in a philoſophic retirement, the remainder of his days at Eaſt Hamſtead, where he had been born, he withdrew thither, and in the month of December, in the year 1716, expired, in the ſeventy-ſeventh year of his age. Young Mr. Pope, in his poem on the foreſt, celebrated that retirement. His firſt paſtoral, written by him at the youthful age of ſixteen years, was, with the warmeſt ſenſe of gratitude, addreſſed to his worthy patron Sir William Trumball.

He had now read all the beſt authors, and was improving himſelf with the converſation of the moſt celebrated men in the age, Dr. Garth, Meſſ. Wycherley, Walſh, and Gay, Lord Halifax, Lord Lanſdown, Sir Richard Steel, Meſſ. Addiſon and Congreve. In the year 1724, our poet, in the view of ſettling another fence about his fortune, purchaſed an annuity of a hundred pounds a year for his own life, that of his mother being included.

In 1717, he publiſhed a collection of all he had printed ſeparately; and proceeded to give a new edition of Shakeſpear, which, being publiſhed in 1721, diſcovered that he had conſulted his fortune, more than his fame, in that undertaking. The Iliad being finiſhed, he engaged upon the like footing to undertake the Odyſſey. Mr Broome and Mr Fenton did part of it, and received five hundred pounds of Mr. Pope for their labours. It was publiſhed in the ſame manner, and on the ſame conditions to Lintot; excepting that, inſtead of twelve

hundred pounds, he had but ſix hundred, for the copy. This work being finiſhed in 1725, he was afterwards employed with Swift and Arbuthnot in printing ſome volumes of Miſcellanies. About this time, he narrowly eſcaped loſing his life, as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which, on paſſing a bridge, happened to be overturned, and thrown with the horſes into the river. The glaſſes were up, and he not able to break them: ſo that he had immediately been drowned, if the poſtilion had not broke them, and dragged him him out to the bank. A fragment of the glaſs however cut him ſo deſperately, that he ever after loſt the uſe of two of his fingers.

No part of our bard's life is more intereſting than that of his conduct in cultivating friendſhips, eſpecially with his brother poets. At the age of eighteen he was grown ſo high in the eſteem of Wycherley, that he thought him capable of correcting his poems (which had been damn-

ed) ſo as they might appear again in print. Pope complied with the requeſt, and executed it with equal freedom and judgment. But the faults proved too many for the author of them to be told of; he was old, became jealous, and conſtrued his young maſter's ingenuity, and plain dealing, into want of reſpect. Not only the deſign of publiſhing was dropt, but all correſpondence with the corrector ſuſpended. This ungenerous return was lively reſented by Pope. And though Wycherley was prevailed with afterwards, by the mediation of a common friend, to reſume the correſpondence, yet this went no farther than bare complaiſance. However, ſome time after Mr Wycherley's death, his poems being publiſhed by a mercenary hand in 1728, our author the following year printed ſeveral letters that had paſſed between them, in vindication of Mr Wycherley's good name, againſt ſome miſconſtructions prefixed to that edition. Our poet's conduct, throughout this whole try-

ing affair, was greatly above his years. But young as he was, his talents were now beginning to ripen into full maturity. This appeared conſpicuouſly in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, which though wrote ſo early as 1708, yet placed him among thoſe of the firſt rank in his art. It is indeed eſteemed a maſter-piece in its kind, and ſo diſcovered the peculiar turn of his genius. He was not yet twenty years old, ſo that every body ſtood amazed to find ſuch a knowledge of the world, ſuch a maturity of judgment, and ſuch a penetration into human nature as are there diſplayed; inſomuch that it became a ſubject for the criticks to diſplay their profoundeſt ſkill in accounting for it. The greateſt geniuſes in painting, as well as poeſy, were generally obſerved not to have produced any of their maſter-pieces before the age of thirty or thereabouts, and that Mr. Pope's genius ripened earlier, was owing, 'tis ſaid, to a happy conjuncture of concurring circumſtances. He was happily ſecured from fal-

ling into the debaucheries of women and wine (the too frequent bane of hopeful youth) by the weakneſs and delicacy of his conſtitution, and the bad ſtate of his health. The ſenſual vices were too violent for ſo tender a frame, he never fell into intemperance or diſſipation, which is of the greateſt conſequence in preſerving each faculty of the mind in due vigour. Even his miſhapen figure is alledged to be of uſe to him as a writer. It is an obſervation of Lord Bacon, that whoſoever hath any thing fixed in his perſon that induces contempt, hath alſo a perpetual ſpur within to reſcue and deliver himſelf from it. Hence it has been thought not improbable, that our poet might be animated by this circumſtance to double his diligence, to make himſelf diſtinguiſhed by the rectitude of his underſtanding, and beautiful turn of his mind, as much as he was by the deformity of his body. It is certain that he ſtrictly fulfilled the precept of HORACE in each particular, *Multa tulit fecitque puer*,

ſudavit & alſit. It was another circumſtance equally propitious to the ſtudies of Pope, in this early part of his life, that he inherited a fortune that was a decent competency, and ſufficient to ſupply the ſmall expences which, both by conſtitution and reflection, he required. Thus he was preſerved from the two moſt deſtructive enemies to a young genius, want and dependance. Nor was the circumſtance of being placed beneath opulence, and an high ſtation, leſs propitious, ſince theſe almoſt unavoidably embariaſs and immerſe the poſſeſſor in the cares, the pleaſures, the indolence, and the diſſipation, that accompany abundance. Thus it is conceived, that theſe external aids, as ſo many auxiliaries, aſſiſting the active inborn ſtrength of our poet's genius, had their ſhare in this triumphant production. But how triumphant ſoever may be the merit of the Eſſay on Criticiſm, yet it was ſtill ſurpaſſed in a poetical view by the Rape of the Lock. The former indeed excelled in the didactic

way, for which he was peculiarly formed; a clear head and ſtrong ſenſe were his characteriſtical qualities; his chief force lay in the underſtanding, rather than in the imagination. But it is the creative power of the laſt that conſtitutes the proper characteriſtick of poetry, and therefore it is in the Rape of the Lock that Pope principally appears a poet; ſince in this performance he has diſplayed more imagination than in all his other works put together. The poem took its birth from an incidental quarrel that happened between two noble families, that of Lord Petre and Mrs. Fermor, both of our author's acquaintance, and of the ſame religion. His lordſhip, in a party of pleaſure, carried it ſo far, as to cut off a favourite lock of the lady's hair. This, tho' done in the way of gallantry, was ſeriouſly reſented, as being indeed a real injury. Hence there preſently grew mutual animoſities, which being ſeen with concern by a common friend to all; that friend requeſted Pope

to try the power of his muſe on the occaſion, intimating, that a proper piece of ridicule was the likelieſt means to extinguiſh the riſing flame. Pope readily complied with the friendly propoſal; and the juncture requiring diſpatch, his firſt deſign was compleated in leſs than a fortnight, which being ſent to the lady, had more than the propoſed effect. Pleaſed to the higheſt degree with the delicacy of the compliment paid to her, ſhe firſt communicated copies of it to her acquaintance, and then prevailed with our author to print it: as he did, though not without the caution of concealing his name to ſo haſty a ſketch. But the univerſal applauſe which the ſketch met with, put him upon enriching it with the machinery of the Sylphs; and in that new dreſs the two cantoes, extended to five, came out the following year, 1712, uſhered by a letter to Mrs Fermor; to whom he afterwards addreſſed another, which is eſteemed far ſuperior to any of Voiture.

It appears by Mr. Pope's frequent ſtolen marches on the public, how cautious he was of making his fame ſecure, and not to hazard his name, by prefixing it to any ſmall work, till the ſucceſs thereof was ſettled.

This prudent conduct of his evinces, beyond the power of contradiction, that he was determined to enjoy either a proper fame, or to die in oblivion. Since him this practice has been uſed by ſeveral. Some of Mr. Pope's pieces had remained in a ſtate of probation for ſeveral years; for he was very ſlow to confeſs what many would not have loſt the pleaſure of immediately owning on any conſideration.

But Mr. Pope, although not ſo eager and greedy as moſt of the Parnaſſian gentry, who are in general impatient for applauſe, and irritable by cenſure, was yet deſirous of laying claim to the reputation of the beſt living poet, which he undoubtedly was, having not even a diſtant competitor.

In 1729, by the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, he turned his pen to ſubjects of morality; and accordingly we find him, with the aſſiſtance of that noble friend, who furniſhed him with the materials, at work this year upon the "Eſſay on Man." The following extract of a letter to Swift diſcovers the reaſon of his lordſhip's advice: "Bid him," ſays Bolingbroke, "talk "to you of the work he is about, I hope "in good earneſt; it is a fine one, and will "be, in his hands, an original. His ſole "complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in "the execution. This flatters his lazi-"neſs: it flatters my judgment; who al-"ways thought that, univerſal as his ta-"lents are, this is eminently and peculiar-"ly his, above all the writers I know, li-"ving or dead; I do not except Horace." Pope tells the Dean, in the next letter, that "the work, Lord Bolingbroke "ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is "a ſyſtem of ethics, in the Horatian way." In purſuing the ſame deſign, he wrote his

"Ethic Epiſtles:" the fourth of which, "Upon Taſte," giving great offence, as he was ſuppoſed to ridicule the Duke of Chandois under the character of Timon, is ſaid to have put him upon writing ſatires, which he continued till 1739. He ventured to attack perſons of the higheſt rank, and ſet no bounds to his ſatirical rage. A genuine collection of his letters was publiſhed in 1737.

In this year he alſo publiſhed his "Temple of Fame," having, according to his uſual caution, kept it two years in his ſtudy. That object of the univerſal paſſion, was full upon his thoughts at this time. He had been from the firſt ſetting out in full ſtretch after it, and ſaw it now within his reach; accordingly we find him in high ſpirits, diverting himſelf with the ladies, to one of whom he ſent a copy of his "Temple," with an humorous gay epigram.

It was Sir Richard Steele's natural good humour which chiefly pleaſed Pope,

and to this we owe that excellent little poem called, "The dying Chriſtian to his ſoul:" The requeſt for it was made in the frank ingenuous way, and the performance was returned in the ſame ſpirit; "I "don't ſend you word, ſays Pope, I will, "but I have already done it."

In the hurry of this race he run his head againſt the old ſaw, "the more haſte "the worſe ſpeed." It was apparently owing to the eager impetuoſity of this paſſion, that he attempted his "Ode upon "St. Cecilia's day." Mr Dryden had obtained immortal fame by his "Alexander's feaſt:" and the ſcholar, young as he was, fed himſelf with the hopes of hitting the ſame mark by ſhooting in the ſame bow. But here he met with a very ſenſible mortification. The "Ode upon St. Cecilia's day" was univerſally condemned for want of judgment, whatever wit there may be in the compoſition, which is very great in Mr Warburton's opinion. It is not improbable that it coſt our author a great

deal of pains, ſince he ſeems to have worked againſt the grain; whereas he complained that his "Eſſay on Man" was too eaſy, becauſe, as his friend obſerved, that deſign was exactly ſuited to his genius; and from this inſtance, among ſome others, another author has inferred, that Pope's genius was not turned to the elevated and ſublime ſpecies of poetry: So hazardous is the road to fame.

In the firſt ſatire of the ſecond book of Horace, he had deſcribed Lord Harvey and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, ſo characteriſtically, under the names of Lord Fanny and Sappho, that theſe two noble perſonages did not only take up the ſame weapon againſt the aggreſſor, but uſed all their intereſt among the nobility, and even with the King and Queen, to hurt him; this laſt injury was what Pope complained of moſt; and for that reaſon, the letter which he wrote in anſwer to it, was ſhewn to her Majeſty, as ſoon as it was finiſhed, which concludes in theſe

words. " After all, your Lordſhip will " be careful not to wrong my moral cha- " racter, with thoſe under whoſe pro- " tection I live; and through whoſe le- " nity alone I can live with comfort. " Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon " conſideration, will think you inad- " vertently went a little too far, when " you recommended to their peruſal, " and ſtrengthened by the weight of " your approbation, a libel mean in its " reflections upon my poor figure, and " ſcandalous in thoſe on my honour and " integrity; wherein I was repreſented as " an enemy to the human race, a murderer " of reputations, a monſter marked by " God like Cain, deſerving to wander ac- " curſed through the world.—— A ſtrange " picture of a man, who had the good " fortune to enjoy many friends, who will " be always remembered as the firſt orna- " ment of his age and country, and no e- " nemies that ever continued to be heard " of, except Mr John Dennis and your

" Lordſhip. A man who never wrote a
" line, in which the religion or govern-
" ment of his country, the royal family,
" or their miniſtry, were diſreſpectfully
" mentioned; the animoſity of any one
" party gratified at the expence of ano-
" ther; or any cenſure paſt, but upon
" known vices, acknowledged folly, or
" aggreſſing impertinence. It is with
" infinite pleaſure he finds, that ſome
" men who ſeem aſhamed and afraid of
" nothing elſe, are ſo very ſenſible of this
" ridicule; and 'tis for that very reaſon,
" he reſolves by the grace of God, and
" your Lordſhip's good leave,

" That while he breathes, no rich or
noble knave
" Shall walk the world in credit to his
grave.

" This he thinks is rendering the beſt
" ſervice he can to the public, and even
" to the good government of his fellow-
" creatures. For this, at leaſt, he may

" deſerve ſome commendations from the " greateſt perſons in it. Your Lordſhip " of whom I ſpeak ——— their names " I ſhould be as ſorry, and as much aſha- " med to place near your's on ſuch an oc- " caſion, as I ſhould to ſee you, my Lord, " placed ſo near their perſons, if you " could ever make ſo ill uſe of their ear, " as to aſperſe or miſrepreſent an innocent " man." Pope did not think proper to print this letter, nor yet, what is more remarkable, to communicate it to his friend Swift; to whom he excuſed himſelf in a letter, ſent with his fourth " Eſ- " ſay on Man," and his " Epiſtle to Lord " Cobham." "There is a woman's war, " ſays he, declared againſt me by a cer- " tain Lord, his weapons are the ſame " which women and children uſe, a pin " to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter. I " writ a ſort of anſwer, but was aſhamed " to enter the liſts with him, and after " ſhewing it to ſome people ſuppreſſed it: " otherwiſe it was ſuch, as was worthy of

"him, and worthy of me." He had before given that friend an account of this affair, and of his own conduct in it, as follows. "That I am an author, whose "characters are thought of some weight, "appears from the great noise and bustle, "that the court and town make about me. "I desire your opinion as to Lady ——'s "and Lord ——'s performance. They "are certainly the top wits of the court; "and you may judge by that single piece, "what can be done against me, for it was "laboured, corrected, pre-commended, "and past disapproved, so far as to be "disowned by themselves, after each had "highly cried it up for the others: I "have met with some complaints, and "heard at a distance of some threats oc-"casioned by my verses. I sent fair mes-"sages to acquaint them where I was to "be found in town, and to offer to call "at their houses to satisfy them, and so it "dropped. It is very poor in any one to "rail and threaten at a distance, and have

" nothing to ſay to you when they ſee " you." He knew well the nature of his friend, and that this addreſs was *ad hominem*, accordingly he received a moſt comforting anſwer, which concludes thus: " Give me a ſhilling, and I will " inſure you, that poſterity ſhall never " know one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe " whoſe memory you have preſerved."

Mr Warburton ſpeaking of our author's proſe letter, as well as that in verſe, juſtly obſerves that they are both maſterpieces in their kind. The former more lively, critical, and pointed; the latter more grave, moral, and ſublime. However, Dr. Arbuthnot, who did not long ſurvive the epiſtle in verſe to him, ſome time before his death gave his friend a hint of what indeed is the greateſt fault in his ſatires, by adviſing him to ſtudy in them more to reform, than chaſtiſe. This gentleman ſeems to have been endowed with all the qualities requiſite for the deareſt friendſhip, and knew in what it

conſiſted. "As for you, my good friend, "ſays he on this occaſion, I think ſince "our firſt acquaintance, there have not "been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions, that "often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips. I "am ſure, not on my ſide." The whole letter is in the ſame ſpirit, and I believe no body can read it without the tendereſt emotion. His hint upon the fault in Pope's ſatires, of being too virulent, was undeniably juſt. But then indeed it muſt be allowed, that the fault is common to Pope with all others, who have engaged in this ſpecies of writing. They all take greater pleaſure in chaſtiſing, than reforming; though by that means, they are ſure to turn the edge of their wit upon themſelves, ſince it muſt be owing to the predominance of ill-nature above benevolence. In ſhort, the true qualities of a ſatiriſt, are uſually and not amiſs expreſſed by an alluſion to the operations of ſurgery. The three qualifications requiſite to that art, are, an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and

a lady's hand. But this laſt, being founded on a neceſſary tender feeling and concern, both for the future recovery and preſent pain of the patient, is only ſeen in humane and benevolent diſpoſitions.

Sir Richard Steele was a warm ſtickler for Mr Pope's "Temple of Fame," which he had approved of before its appearance in public; as appears by a letter from the former to the latter, bearing date, Nov. 12, 1712.

"I have read over your "Temple "of Fame" twice, and cannot find any "thing amiſs of weight enough to call a "fault, but ſee in it a thouſand beauties. "Mr Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow. "After his peruſal of it, I will let you "know his thoughts, &c."

The poem accordingly met as good treatment from Mr Addiſon, whoſe friendſhip Mr Pope had, as he imagined, been ſome time in poſſeſſion of; for nothing as yet appeared to make him alter that opinion.

Mr Pope was by this time got ſo far into favour and reputation with the town, that he needed no other recommendation than his own merit; and he began, as he was juſtly entitled, to aſſume the name of Critic, and to give rules to others in his "Eſſay on Criticiſm," which abounds with wit, beautiful turns, variety of metaphors, and maſterly obſervations on poetry and criticiſm. It is the beſt work of the kind that has appeared among the ancients or moderns.

Our author publiſhed ſome other poems, viz.

To Mr Jervas, with Mr Freſnoy's Art of Painting.

On a fan of the author's deſign, in which the ſtory of Cephalus and Procris was painted, having *Aura veni* for a motto.

On Silence, in imitation of that ingenious nobleman and eminent poet, the Earl of Rocheſter.

Verses occaſioned by ſome of his grace the duke of Buckingham's.

MR. Pope wrote a moſt excellent letter in verſe from Eloiſa to Abelard. It is chiefly taken from the original letters between theſe two extraordinary perſons, diſtinguiſhed above all their cotemporories for their genius, learning, and unhappy paſſion.

THEY are made mention of by Bayle in his Hiſtorical Dictionary. They flouriſh'd in the twelfth century, and were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of that age for learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate love.

AFTER a long courſe of calamities they retir'd each to a ſeparate convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend (which contain'd the hiſtory of his misfortunes) fell into the hands of Eloiſa.

THIS awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters which give ſo lively a deſcription of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion. There is a ſpirit of tenderneſs, and a delicacy of ſentiment,

runs through all the letters. But the prodigious conflict, the war within, the difficulty of making love, yield to religious vows; and an impossibility of forgetting a first real passion shine above all the rest.

ABELARD had been Eloisa's tutor in philosophy and divinity; but each being overcome by a passion for the other, their chief study was turned at last to give and receive mutual delight; which being discover'd, brought on a tragick scene: for her relations, tho' justly incens'd at Abelard's violation of hospitality, and breach of trust, yet push'd their revenge to an act of barbarity, by maiming the lover in a part, which to him was worse than death.

ABELARD's being rendered impotent by the cruelty of Eloisa's friends, did not in the least abate the warmth of her passion for him, but seemed rather to enhance it, from a spirit of resentment for his barbarous usage on her account.

THEY were both interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the

monaſtery of Paraclete, founded by Abelard. He died in 1142, ſhe in 1163.

So much in regard to their hiſtory; but to return to the merit of Mr. Pope. It may be aſſerted, that it is not in the power of our language to go beyond this poem in tenderneſs and harmony. The only production of even our author, that can be put in competition with it, is the piece ſo juſtly admir'd for its beauties call'd, Verſes to the memory of an unfortunate lady.

The young lady celebrated in this affecting piece, appears to have been a great favourite of Mr. Pope's, who has paid his tribute to friendſhip, by inſuring immortality to her unhappy cataſtrophe. Whether he himſelf was the belov'd perſon ſhe was ſeparated from, or not, cannot be well aſcertained; from his verſes the ſtrong hold ſhe had of his affection is manifeſt.

This unfortunate fair one was a young lady of quality, had a very conſiderable fortune; and, as we learn here from Mr. Pope, was eminent for her beauty.

Her parents dying while she was young, she was left under the guardianship of an uncle. She was brought up suitable to her birth, title, and fortune, and was esteemed a match for any nobleman in the kingdom.

She had when very young contracted an acquaintance, and some degree of intimacy, with a young gentleman (who has never been more than guessed at by the curious, which uncertainty turned the suspicion on Mr. Pope) and having conceiv'd a fondness for him, she would not listen to a very advantageous match proposed by her uncle.

The incensed guardian set spies upon her, by whose means he soon discovered her carrying on a correspondence with a lover of a rank in life inferior to hers; which, when taxed with, she did not deny.

The guardian uncle, on finding her deaf to all his advice to her to stifle so ill-placed a passion, soon contrived the means of sending her abroad, where she was most

politely received, and with all the reſpect due to one of her condition.

She was indeed ſecluded induſtriouſly from ſeeing or converſing with any body but the creatures of this ſevere guardian; ſo that no epiſtle from her lover could ever reach her hand, ſhe being ſo cloſely watched by the uncle's treacherous mercenaries; who, when they had promiſed the lover to deliver his letters to the lady, ſent them all to England to her uncle; who, in conſequence, gave orders for her being more ſtrictly guarded, that ſhe might not receive any intelligence from that quarter.

Despairing to hear from the youth ſhe loved, and impatient of her confinement, ſhe yielded herſelf up a prey to the moſt conſummate grief. She uſed to weep and ſigh continually; but not to linger any time in ſo racking a ſituation, ſhe reſolved, as Mr Pope terms it, to act the Roman part, by putting an end to her life, which ſhe did by bribing a woman-

ſervant to procure her a ſword, not letting her know what uſe ſhe intended to make of it.

Soon after ſhe had got the ſword, ſhe was found dead upon the floor, but warm. The ſeverity of the laws of the place, where ſhe had committed this ſuicide, denying her Chriſtian burial, ſhe was interred without any ſolemnity, or any attendants to wait on her corpſe to the grave.

A few indeed of the neighbouring people, ſtruck with compaſſion for her unhappy fate, ſaw her buried in the common ground, and ſtrewed with flowers the grave they made for her.

He alſo publiſhed "The Merchant's "Tale," from Chaucer, the "Wife of "Bath's Prologue," "Tranſlations of ſe-"veral of Ovid's epiſtles," a "prologue to "Cato," and an "Epilogue to Jane "Shore."

The "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" is a maſterly performance, and Mr Pope de-

ſerves the more applauſe on account of the peril he expoſed his reputation to in this attempt, Mr Dryden having gained ſuch univerſal, and indeed merited fame, for his "Alexander's Feaſt," that the efforts of all other poets on that ſubject were ſcoffed at, nay, condemned before publication.

NOTWITHSTANDING ſo critical a dilemma, Mr Pope publiſhed his, which is allowed to be the only one that can be put in any competition with Mr Dryden's. His other attempts in lyric poetry are two "Choruſſes for the Tragedy of Brutus," by his Grace Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

MR. Pope's works are ſufficient vouchers for his genius, taſte, and judgment. The Duke of Buckingham is univerſally allowed to have been a nobleman of uncommon talents, and ſo declared a patron of the muſes, and of the learned, that he was ſtiled the Mecænas of the age.

HIS fondneſs for poets ſprang from his

being a good one, and highly capable of reliſhing beauties in the performances of others, which he did with great candour and warmth. One of the beſt pieces in our language is his "Eſſay on poetry, and was eſteemed as ſuch by Mr Addiſon. His other pieces in verſe and proſe have their reſpective merit.

Mr Pope held the Duke's judgment in ſuch high veneration, ſeparated from his quality (which he always threw aſide in his company) that he never publiſhed any thing for many years, till his Grace had firſt pronounced that the author's reputation would run no riſk by its being publiſhed.

Mr Pope lived in ſuch a perpetual dread of loſing that fame he had ſo juſtly acquired, that he uſed often to ſay, that he ought to write no more, leſt by an unſucceſsful piece, he ſhould forfeit all. The Duke continued his friendſhip to our author to his laſt moments, of which from

time to time he gave him many ſignal proofs.

His Grace expired in the month of February 1720, and left the following epitaph for his tomb, which may be looked on as an abſtract of his religion, and is a matter of too great curioſity not to tranſcribe it here for the entertainment of our readers:

Pro rege ſæpe, pro republica ſemper,
Dubius, ſed non improbus, vixi:
Incertus morior, non perturbatus,
Humanum eſt neſcire, et errare.
Deo confido, Chriſtum adveneror;
Ens entium miſerere mei.

For the ſake of ſuch of our readers as may not underſtand the Latin orginal, it has been thought neceſſary to tranſlate it for them into Engliſh.

I have often been for the king, always for my country:

I have led a free-thinking, not a wicked life.
I die uncertain, but not confounded.
Ignorance and error are the lot of humanity.
I truſt in God; almoſt worſhip Chriſt——
Being of beings have pity on me.

THERE breathes in this inſcription the genuine ſpirit of Deiſm, which we leave to be attacked by the clergy, and to be defended by thoſe who incline to a more extenſive benevolence than they ſeem to allow of.

IN ſpeaking of thoſe with whom Mr Pope has been moſt converſant, we have thought proper to be ſomewhat particular; as (according to the true though trite obſervation) from the company any perſons keep, a juſt judgment may be formed of themſelves; becauſe we imperceptibly catch ſomething from thoſe with whom we live in familiarity.

MR Pope was ſo peculiarly happy in a great memory (which rarely accompanies ſuch a ſtrong underſtanding as he had)

that by ſometimes converſing upon, he made his own, all the valuable improvements in knowledge and taſte, which his friends had acquired by ſtudy and travelling.

THE famous Dr. Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, was another faſt friend to the tranſlator of the Iliad. Mr Pope in return always retained a lively ſenſe of gratitude, and a moſt ſincere affection for him.

DR. Atterbury, (the Biſhop of Rocheſter's hiſtory being univerſally known, we ſhall touch upon no more of it than what relates to Mr Pope's life), though a violent enemy to the government after the death of Queen Anne, he was a ſtrenuous advocate for the orthodoxy of the church of England, and let ſlip no occaſion of proving himſelf ſo.

AFTER a ſhort acquaintance with Mr. Pope, he broke his mind to him upon that ſubject. But there happening to be in company at the ſame time Mr Pope's mo-

ther, Mrs. Blount, Mr Cromwell, and a nobleman who had made his principles known to Pope; they having read together "Lord Shafteſbury's Characteriſtics," "The Religion of Nature delineated," and ſeveral books in the cauſe of free inquiry, our author waved entering into any argument with the Biſhop for that time; and taking him aſide, ſaid, that though he (Pope) was a weak advocate for his religion, yet he was ſure that its orthodoxy and ſtrength would furniſh him ſufficient power to hazard an argument with any heretic, with or without a mitre.

Such was the freedom ſubſiſting between them, that theſe words gave no offence. That evening was ſet aſide for the conference, and the diſputants were to imagine Dr. Swift preſent.

Dr. Atterbury began to read out of Archbiſhop Tillotſon's ſermons, ſome of which he commonly had as a pocket-companion. His reaſon for it was, that his own ſentiments were therein ſo energi-

cally expreſſed, and better than he poſſibly could *ex tempore*, or even with his greateſt ſtudy. And he thought the arguments there offered ſo evincing, as that no man, endowed with ſuch ſtrong intellects as Mr Pope was, could refuſe his aſſent to them, and deny ſubſcribing to the many abſurdities with which popery abounds.

AFTER having heard the Biſhop read Tillotſon's arguments and comment thereon for a long time, Mr. Pope replied, that the Archbiſhop's cited diſcourſes (which was the title he gave them) were only reaſoning, and conſequently could be no ſtandard of belief; that the quotations were not quite oppoſite to the point his antagoniſt wanted to prove, for that they might with equal propriety be urged by Catholics to ſupport their arguments.

MR Pope aſſerted, moreover, that without caſting away faith (of which Dr. Atterbury thought himſelf endowed with a ſufficient ſhare) no human arguments were

forcible enough to defeat the excellent tenets believed by the church of Rome, and by her commanded to be implicitly believed by all her children.

He farther declared, that he saw no more difficulty for a faithful mind to believe the Trinity, transubstantiation, miraculous conception, and other mysteries above the power of human reason.

He then intreated the Doctor to take into his benevolent heart the whole of the Christian system, and not niggardly content himself with believing but part, in disobedience to the Scripture, the Roman-catholic church, and to the endangering of his eternal salvation.

Nay, so strenuous a member of the Romish church was Mr Pope, that he told Dr. Atterbury with a polite warmth, that if it were possible for any man to raise the dead in proof of any other religion than that professed by the see of Rome, he would not change his belief.

He then turned to the Bishop of Ro-

cheſter, and ſaid, I would to God that you and I might be ſtripped and turned out naked in this cold night (the diſpute happened in the winter-ſeaſon) diveſted of all our property, and deprived of the means of ſubſiſting, provided your Lordſhip could be brought to think as I do.

THE Biſhop looking on Pope as quite confirmed in his erroneous perſuaſion, related that conference to a friend of his, a dignified but not a mitred clergyman, and declared that he would never ſpeak to him more on the ſubject of religion. The Biſhop's zeal for the Proteſtant cauſe, in order to make ſo ſhining a proſelyte to it as Mr Pope would prove, made him break his reſolution; for he not only ſpoke to him afterwards, but wrote to him ſeveral times upon that topic.

THE laſt epiſtle written by the Biſhop to Mr Pope, wherein any thing relative to religion is mentioned, was a letter of comfort on the death of Mr Pope's father. He therein adviſed a Chriſtian reſignation

to the will of heaven, and declared immoderate grief for any loſs in this world to be unchriſtian.

But the politely rebuking and cool reply to the Biſhop, put a total end to any farther ſolicitations of it to him in regard to religion; beſides, Atterbury going over to the pretender's intereſt ſoon after, debarred a frequency of intercourſe.

He has told us in the epilogue the reaſon of laying down his pen, and he gave the true one for laying down his "Moral "Eſſays to Dr. Swift" long before. "I "am, ſays he, almoſt at the end of my "morals, as I have been long ago of my "wit; my ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my "circle narrow. Imagination has no li-"mits; that is a ſphere in which you "may move on to eternity: but where "one is confined to truth, or, to ſpeak "more like a human creature, to the ap-"pearances of truth, we ſoon find the "ſhortneſs of our tether." This was not "his caſe as a ſatiriſt; the tartneſs of that

laſh was too liquoriſh to be cloying. Though he was drawn out of the ſphere for a while by ſome more immediately intereſting views, yet we ſhall find him returning to it again in a little time, and continuing to move in it till death arreſted his ſteps.

THE avowed incident which occaſioned the publication of his "Letters" in 1737, is retailed in the preface, and the truth of it reſts upon our author's name. The ſtory is undeniably ſomewhat intricate, which cauſed a ſuſpicion that ſome cunning had been uſed by him; but the cloud may poſſibly be blown away by Dr. Warburton, in his promiſed hiſtory of this friend's life. In the mean time, we muſt content ourſelves with another reaſon for publiſhing theſe letters at this time, which conſiders them as part of the deſign of his "*Magnum opus*," or his "Eſſay on Man, Ethic Epiſtles, and Sa-"tires. "My opinion is, ſays he, that "there might be collected from them the

" beſt ſyſtem that ever was wrote for " the conduct of human life, at leaſt " to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their " follies and vices; and no doubt, the " manner in which Mr Curll got poſſeſ- " ſion of ſome of them, is a flaming in- " ſtance of the corruption of the age." Whatever may be thought of this reaſon, it is certain the increaſe of his purſe had no ſmall ſhare in the motives for publiſhing them. Familiar letters betwixt perſons of any reputation will always meet with readers; and the reaſon of it is well expreſſed in theſe very letters by Lord Bolingbroke, who, in a poſtſcript to one of Pope's to Swift, writes thus: " I ſeek no " epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal " pleaſed to think that it will be known " hereafter, that you and I lived in the " moſt friendly intimacy together.—Pli- " ny, continues his Lordſhip, writ his " letters for the public; ſo did Seneca; " ſo did Balzac, Voiture, &c. Tully " did not; and therefore theſe give us

" more pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Bru-
" tus, and Pompey, ſuch as they really
" were, and not ſuch as the gaping mul-
" titude of their own age took them to be,
" or as hiſtorians and poets have repre-
" ſented them to us.—That is another
" pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a
" proceſſion at Aix-la Chapelle, wherein
" an image of Charlemagne is carried on
" the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by
" the long robe of the imperial ſaint.
" Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the
" bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the
" gigantic figure dwindles into an image
" of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by a-
" mong other lumber." His Lordſhip's remark is undeniably very juſt, and unavoidably turns our eyes upon his pupil, who is the chief perſon concerned in it. Accordingly we find in theſe letters, not only that he had given into ſome gaieties in his youth, as well as other poets, for of that he had made public confeſſion long before: but what was at this time particu-

larly intereſting, theſe letters diſcover the peculiar ſting, in the name of Sappho, under which he ſatirizes Lady Mary Wortley Montague. That pretieuſe, Mrs Elizabeth Thomas, being ſo called by her keeper Mr Cromwell, to whom our author ſent the following rondeau to be communicated to her.

"You know where you did deſpiſe,
"T' other day, my little eyes,
"Little legs, and little thighs,
"And ſomething elſe of little ſize,
"You know where.

"You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
"Taper legs, and tempting thighs;
"Yet what more than all we prize
"Is a thing of little ſize,
"You know where."

In the year 1737, he fell into acquaintance with Mr (now Dr.) Warburton, Dean of Briſtol; who having wrote a

commentary on the "Eſſay on Man," that poem was republiſhed in 1740, with the commentary. It was at the inſtance of this friend too, that our author added a fourth book to the "Dunciad;" which was firſt printed ſeparately in the year 1742. But the year after, the whole poem came out together, as a ſpecimen of a more correct edition of his works, which he had then reſolved to give to the public. And he made ſome progreſs in that deſign, but did not live to compleat it.

THE univerſal benevolence of Mr Pope appears in no part of his works more conſpicuous than his "Univerſal Prayer." It is imagined that he choſe the epithet "univerſal," not in any ſenſe of oppoſition, but that it might not be deemed as an act of competition with the common prayer uſed in proteſtant churches.

IT is to be obſerved, that Mr Pope, in this prayer, is ſo ſenſible of the continual praiſe ariſing from the creation, that he calls upon all beings, and all the incenſe

of nature, bidding it riſe, at the ſame time that he knew it was continually riſing.

So the Pſalmiſt, though he knew the works of the creation were praiſing the Lord, ſays, naming ſeveral of them, "Praiſe ye the Lord." This beautiful prayer is free from all uncharitable limitations of the Romiſh church. He indeed had always been, and indeed more ſo towards the cloſe of his life, a very moderate man.

This truly Chriſtian prayer breathes nothing throughout but peace, charity, and humility; is without any pomp in the phraſe, which here was purpoſely avoided. It is an excellent performance for ſo much, and worthy the ſerious attention of all religious philoſophers.

After Mr. Pope had finiſhed all the abovementioned works, he gave reſt to his pen, being able to write little, by reaſon of the weakneſs of his eyes, and other bodily infirmities. Finding his ſtrength entirely give way, he began to

think that his days, which had been prolonged beyond his expectation, were drawing to a concluſion.

He had all his life been ſubject to an habitual head-ach, and that hereditary complaint was now greatly increaſed by a dropſy in his breaſt, under which he expired, May 30th, 1744, in the fifty-ſixth year of his age. His body was depoſited, purſuant to his own requeſt, in the ſame vault with thoſe of his parents, to whoſe memory he had erected a monument, with the following inſcription written by himſelf:

D. O. M.
Alexandro Pope, viro innocuo, probo, pio;
Qui vixit an. 75. ob. 1717.
Et Edithæ conjugi, inculpabili, pientiſſimæ;
Quæ vixit annos 93. ob. 1733.
Parentibus bene merentibus
Filius fecit.
Et ſibi. Obiit an. 1744. ætatis 56.

This laſt line was added after his death, in purſuance to his will; the reſt was done on the death of his parents.

Our author, ſome months before his death, made his will, the contents of which have already been made public; but as this ſolemn inſtrument ſeems, with the utmoſt propriety, to claim a place in the hiſtory of his life, a copy of it is here ſubjoined.

"In the name of God, Amen. I Alexander Pope of Twickenham, in the county of Middleſex, make this my laſt will and teſtament. I reſign my ſoul to its Creator, in all humble hope of its future happineſs, as in the diſpoſal of a being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of theſe only, *et ſibi*: *Qui obiit anno* 17— *ætatis* —— and that it be carried to the grave by ſix of the pooreſt men of the pariſh, to

"each of whom I order a ſuit of grey "coarſe cloth, as mourning. If I hap- "pen to die at any inconvenient diſtance, "let the ſame be done in any other pa- "riſh, and the inſcription be added on "the monument at Twickenham. I "hereby make and appoint my particular "friends, Allen Lord Bathurſt, Hugh "Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable "William Murray, his Majeſty's ſolici- "tor general, and George Arbuthnot, of "the court of exchequer, Eſq; the ſur- "vivors or ſurvivor of them, executors of "this my laſt will and teſtament.

"But all the manuſcript and un- "printed papers, which I ſhall leave at "my deceaſe, I deſire may be delivered "to my noble friend, Henry St. John, "Lord Bolingbroke, to whoſe ſole care "and judgment I commit them, either "to be preſerved or to be deſtroyed; or, "in caſe he ſhall not ſurvive me, to the "aboveſaid Earl of Marchmont. Theſe, "who in the courſe of my life have done

"me all other good offices, will not re-
"fuse me this last after my death: I leave
"them therefore this trouble, as a mark
"of my trust and friendship; only desi-
"ring them each to accept of some small
"memorial of me: That my Lord Bo-
"lingbroke will add to his library all the
"volumes of my works and translations
"of Homer, bound in red Morocco, and
"the eleven volumes of those of Eras-
"mus: That my Lord Marchmont will
"take the large paper edition of Thuanus,
"by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord
"Bolingbroke by Richardson, which he
"shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst
"will find a place for the three statues of
"the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of
"Medicis, and the Apollo in *chiaro os-*
"*curo*, done by Kneller: That Mr Mur-
"ray will accept of the marble head of
"Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac
"Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr Ar-
"buthnot will take the watch I common-
"ly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave

" to the late Earl of Peterborough, and " he to me on his death-bed; together " with one of the pictures of Lord Boling- " broke.

" ITEM, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to ac- " cept of the busts of Spencer, Shake- " speare, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, " which his royal master the Prince was " pleased to give me. I give and devise " my library of printed books to Ralph " Allen of Widcombe, Esq; and to " the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, " or to the survivor of them (when those " belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are ta- " ken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount " has chosen threescore out of the num- " ber.) I also give and bequeath to the " said Mr Warburton, the property of all " such of my works already printed, as he " hath written, or shall write commenta- " ries or notes upon, and which I have " not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; " and all the profits which shall arise after

" my death from ſuch editions as he ſhall
" publiſh without future alterations.

" ITEM, In caſe Ralph Allen, Eſq;
" aboveſaid ſhall ſurvive me, I order my
" executors to pay him the ſum of one
" hundred and fifty pounds, being, to
" the beſt of my calculation, the accompt
" of what I have received from him;
" partly for my own, and partly for cha-
" ritable uſes. If he refuſe to take this
" himſelf, I deſire him to employ it in a
" way, I am perſuaded he will not diſlike,
" to the benefit of the Bath hoſpital.

" I GIVE and deviſe to my ſiſter-
" in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the
" ſum of three hundred pounds; and
" to her ſons, Henry, and Robert Racket,
" one hundred pounds each. I alſo re-
" leaſe and give to her all my right and
" intereſt in and upon a bond of five hun-
" dred pounds, due to me from her ſon
" Michael. I alſo give her the family-
" pictures of my father, mother, and aunts,
" and the diamond-ring my mother wore,

" and her golden-watch. I give to Eraſ-
" mus Lewis, Gilbert Weſt, Sir Clement
" Rotterell, William Rollinſon, Natha-
" niel Hook, Eſquires, and to Mrs. Anne
" Arbuthnot, to each the ſum of five
" pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any
" memorial of me; and to my ſervant,
" John Searl, who has faithfully and ably
" ſerved me many years, I give and de-
" viſe the ſum of one hundred pounds,
" over and above a year's wages to him-
" ſelf and his wife; and to the poor of
" the pariſh of Twickenham, twenty
" pounds, to be divided among them by
" the ſaid John Searl: And it is my
" will, if the ſaid John Searl die before
" me, that the ſaid ſum of one hundred
" pounds go to his wife or children.

"ITEM, I give and deviſe to Mrs.
" Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-ſtreet,
" Kavendiſh ſquare, the ſum of one thou-
" ſand pounds immediately after my de-
" ceaſe: and all the furniture of my
" grotto, urns in my garden, houſehold-

" goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is
" not otherwiſe diſpoſed of in this my
" will, I give and deviſe to the ſaid Mrs.
" Martha Blount, out of a ſincere regard,
" and long friendſhip for her. And it
" is my will, that my aboveſaid execu-
" tors, the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them,
" ſhall take an account of all my eſtate,
" money, or bonds, &c. and, after paying
" my debts and legacies, ſhall place out
" all the reſidue upon government, or o-
" ther ſecurities, according to their beſt
" judgment; and pay the produce there-
" of, half-yearly, to the ſaid Mrs. Martha
" Blount, during her natural life: and
" after her deceaſe, I give the ſum of one
" thouſand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen
" Racket, and her ſons, Robert, Henry,
" and John, to be divided equally among
" them, or to the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of
" them; and after the deceaſe of the ſaid
" Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the ſum of
" two hundred pounds to the aboveſaid
" Gilbert Weſt; two hundred to Mr.

" George Arbuthnot; two hundred to " his ſiſter, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and " one hundred to my ſervant, John " Searl; to which ſoever of theſe ſhall " be then living: And all the reſidue " and remainder to be conſidered as un- " diſpoſed of, and go to my next of kin.

" THIS is my laſt will and teſtament, " written with my own hand, and ſealed " with my ſeal, this twelfth day of De- " cember, in the year of our Lord, one " thouſand ſeven hundred and forty three.

" ALEX. POPE.

" Signed, ſealed, and declared
" by the Teſtator, as his laſt
" will and teſtament, in
" preſence of us,
" Radnor.
" Stephen Hales, miniſter of
" Teddington.
" Joſeph Spence, profeſſor
" of hiſtory in the Uni-
" verſity of Oxford."

AN ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, O my St. John, and leave all the things of this world to thoſe who are pleaſed with meaner objects, or even to ſuch as are the pride of kings. And ſince this life can ſupply us with little more than juſt to look about us, and

then to die, let us freely expatiate over all this ſcene of man; I muſt allow it to be a mighty maze, but yet you will find it, upon proper examination, to be formed on a moſt exact plan. It is either a wilderneſs, where flowers and weeds grow promiſcuouſly together, or elſe it is a garden, filled with delicious fruit, to tempt us from God. Let us therefore beat this ample field together, and ſee if we can find out both what it openly diſcovers to us, and what is hid under its moſt ſecret coverts; let us traverſe all its latent tracts, and explore all its giddy heights; let us eye Nature in all her walks, and ſhoot every folly as it flies; and catch all the living manners of the age, as they riſe before us, wherever we can; let us be candid, and laugh

at ſuch follies as we cannot paſs over with ſilence; but, above all things, let us vindicate the ways of God to all mankind.

I. In the firſt place, then, we can reaſon nothing either of God above, or of man below, but agreeable to the ſtation he has placed us in here; and therefore we can only reaſon from it, or refer to it, and by this means draw a proper concluſion from our obſervations on it. For though God be known through unnumbered worlds, it is our buſineſs to trace him only in our own. It is only he that can tell why Heaven has made us as we are; none can account for this, but he, who can pierce through the vaſt immenſity, and ſee worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe, and obſerve how one ſyſtem runs into

another, and what the planets are that circle other circles; and what the different kinds of beings who inhabit every ſtar. But the pervading ſoul may look through the juſt gradations, the nice dependencies, ſtrong commotions, the bearing and ties that one point has upon another, and ſo form a proper judgment of the whole.

Is therefore the great chain, that draws every thing together, and makes them to agree, ſupported by GOD or thyſelf?

II. O preſumptuous man! couldſt thou find out the reaſon, why GOD has formed thee ſo weak, little and blind? Firſt learn the reaſon why he did not make thee ſmaller, weaker, and blinder than thou art. Aſk thy mother earth, why the oaks are

made larger than the humble ſhrubs they overſhadow? Or make enquiry of yonder argent fields above, why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE himſelf?

FOR if it is confeſt that it requires infinite wiſdom to form ſuch a ſyſtem, where all muſt be full and not incoherent, and every thing that riſes muſt riſe in due degree; then, according to this ſcale of reaſoning, it is plain, to make the ſyſtem of life compleat, there muſt be ſuch a thing as man: and therefore let us wrangle as long as we will, it can amount to no more than whether GOD has placed him right or wrong.

FOR whatever we call wrong, it is poſſible may, nay it muſt, be right, as it bears a relation to the whole human ſpecies. In human works,

though carried on with pain and and labour, a thouſand movements ſcarcely anſwer one purpoſe; but in God's, one ſingle purpoſe not only produces its end, but alſo ſerves ſome ſecondary purpoſe. So man, who, though he now ſeems the principal actor alone, yet perhaps he may be only a ſecondary cauſe in ſome unknown ſphere, either touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal; for we can only now perceive a part of the ſyſtem, and not the whole of it.

Thus when the proud horſe ſhall know the reaſon why his maſter pulls in his reins, and reſtrains him, or why with a fiery courſe he drives him over the plains; or when the dull ox ſhall know the reaſon why he breaks the clod, or why he is made

uſe of as a victim in the ſacrifice, or why worſhipped in EGYPT as a God: then ſhall man's dullneſs and pride comprehend the uſe and end of his being, with all its actions and paſſions; why he this moment ſuffers pain, and the next is checked and impelled; why he is this hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

THEN do not ſay that man's imperfections is the fault of Heaven, but rather ſay that he is as perfect as he ought to be: his knowledge is meaſured to his ſtate, and the place he lives in; his time being only a moment, and his ſpace only a ſingle point. And if it be only to be perfect in the ſphere he walks in, it is no matter whether it be ſooner or later, whether it be here, or in the next world. For thoſe who are really

bleſt to-day are as compleatly bleſſed as thoſe who were ſo a thouſand years ago.

III. HEAVEN hides the book of Fate from all but ſpirits; from the brute creation as well as we. If it were not ſo, no one could ſuffer being here below: for the very lamb that thy riot orders to bleed to-day, had he any of the reaſon thou haſt, he would not ſkip and play; he crops his flowery food to the very laſt, and licks the very hand that is raiſed to ſhed his blood. Certainly this is an unſpeakable happineſs, that we ſhould be blind to futurity; that every man may fill up in a proper manner the circle that is ſet for him by HEAVEN: for GOD ſees with an equal eye, the falling of a ſparrow, or the periſhing of a he-

ro; both atoms and ſyſtems hurled into ruin; and beholds with equal compoſure the burſting of a bubble, as the burſting of a world.

THEREFORE adore GOD, and ever with trembling pinions ſoar, humbly hoping for a bleſſed eternity, and with patience wait the great traitor DEATH, who ſhall put the good man in poſſeſſion of a bleſſed immortality. For it is not proper that he ſhould let us know now what bliſs he has deſigned for us; but gives the good man a joyful hope to bear up his ſpirits now. Hope is eternally ſpringing in the human heart: therefore man excels only that he may be bleſt: for the ſoul being confined and uneaſy at home, can only expatiate and reſt in a world to come.

Lo! the poor INDIAN, though

his mind be untutored, yet he ſees GOD in the clouds, and hears him in the winds; and though proud ſcience never taught his ſoul to ſtray ſo far as the ſolar walk or the milky way, yet ſimple Nature has given him this hope of a humbler heaven; ſome ſafer world, embraced with deeper woods; or ſome happier iſland, ſituate in the watry waſte; where even ſlaves ſhall once more behold their native land, where there are no devils to torment, and no CHRISTIANS to thirſt for gold. For this contentment of hope is placed in him by the GOD of NATURE; he is not beholden to the wings of an angel, or the fire of a ſeraph for it, but expects to be admitted to that equal happineſs, where his faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go then, thou who art wiſer, and weigh in thy ſcale of ſenſe thy mighty opinion, and arguments againſt Providence; and call imperfections whatever thou fancieſt to be ſo: thou mayeſt ſay, Here he has given too little, there too much; and after thou haſt deſtroyed all creatures for thy ſport or guſt, thou mayeſt, if thou art unhappy, call GOD unjuſt; if man is not made perfect in this world, he ſhall be immortal in the next. If thou doſt not believe this, then ſnatch the balance and the rod from his hand, rejudge his juſtice, and even be the GOD of GOD. All our error lies in pride, nay in reaſoning pride; and by this means every one quits his own ſphere, and ruſhes into the ſkies. Pride ſtill aims at the bleſt abodes, men would

be Angels, Angels would be GODS; for if Angels fell by aſpiring to be GODS, ſo men rebel when they aſpire to be Angels; and every one who wiſhes to invert the laws of order, ſins againſt the Eternal Cauſe of all order.

V. THOU mayeſt as well aſk, for what end it is the heavenly bodies ſhine and for whoſe uſe the earth was made? Why the pride of every man ſays, "It was for mine; it is for me that kind NATURE wakes her great power, ſuckles every herb, and ſpreads out every flower; it is annually for me that the grape renews its nectarious taſte, and the roſe its balmy fragrance, and healing qualities; it is for me that the mines bring a thouſand treaſures, and for my uſe that health guſhes from a thou-

ſand ſprings; the ſeas roll to waft me ſome good, and the ſun riſes to light my footſteps; the earth is made my footſtool, and the ſkies my canopy."

But does not Nature err from this gracious end, when it makes the ſun ſo intenſely hot as to breed a plague, when earthquakes and tempeſts ſweep not only towns, but whole nations into the deep? I reply, No; for Nature acts by general laws, and not by partial ones; the exceptions to this are but very few and trifling, ſince the beginning of the world; and if there was nothing created perfect at firſt, ſhould it be a wonder that man was not? for Nature deviates, if the great end be human happineſs: and may as well expect eternal ſpring and cloud-

leſs ſkies, as for man to be ever wiſe, temperate, or calm. If plagues or earthquakes do not break the deſign of HEAVEN, why then the conſpiracies of a CATILINE or a BORGIA?

FOR who knows but his hand who forms the lightning, who wings the ſtorm, and heaves old Ocean, may pour fierce ambition into the hand of CÆSAR, or may turn young AMMON looſe to ſcourge mankind? Our very reaſoning proceeds from nothing but from pride. We account for moral things in the ſame manner we do for natural things. We fooliſhly charge HEAVEN with the firſt, and in the laſt we acquit it; but the only way of proving our reaſoning to be right, would be to ſubmit to both.

PERHAPS it may appear to us, that there was nothing in this world but all harmony and virtue; that both the air and the ocean never felt the wind; and that there never was any paſſion at all to ruffle and diſcompoſe the mind. But as NATURE ſubſiſts by the ſtrife of the elements ſo our paſſions are the very elements which ſupport our life. For NATURE has always kept the ſame general order in man, ſince the beginning of the world.

VI. NOW therefore what would this man be? When he looks upward, though HEAVEN has made him but a little leſs than the angels, yet he ſtill would be more: and when he looks downward, he is ſtill as much grieved and diſcontented, becauſe GOD has not given him the

ſame ſtrength that a bull has, and the ſame furred cloaths that the bear has. But as all creatures were originally made for the uſe of man, they would be of none to him, had he the qualifications of every one of them centered in his own perſon: for NATURE has been kind to all the animal creation, without any manner of profuſion; ſhe has aſſigned every one of them proper powers, and proper organs; and every ſeeming want of courſe is compenſated; to one kind ſhe has given ſwiftneſs, without ſtrength, to others great force and ſtrength: every thing is in exact proportion, ſo that they need no addition to their different qualifications, nor is there any neceſſity for the taking any thing from them. Every beaſt, and

every inſect, is happy in its own nature: has heaven been only unkind to man? And ſhall he, who is the only one of the rational creation, be pleaſed with nothing that GOD has given him, becauſe he has not all the qualifications of the brute creation centered in himſelf?

THE only bliſs that was deſigned for human kind, (if pride could find that bleſſing) was not to act or to think above the powers that GOD had given them, and not to be deſirous of any other perfection, but what both his nature, and the ſtate of his condition here below could bear.

THE plain reaſon that man has not a microſcopic eye, is, becauſe he is not a fly: for of what uſe would it be to him, if he had finer optics,

to diſcern a mite, when at the ſame time he could not comprehend Heaven? Or if he was tremblingly alive all over, he would ſmart and agonize at every pore at the ſlighteſt touch: or if his ſmell was ſo very quick, as to dart effluvia through his brain, the fragrant ſmell of a roſe might make him die in aromatic pain; if NATURE was to thunder in his open years, and ſtun him with the muſic of the ſpheres, he would rather wiſh that Heaven had made him content with the purling rill, and the whiſpering zephyr. But every thinking perſon will always find, that Providence is as good in what it denies, as in what it gives.

VII. ONLY obſerve, as far as the ample range of creation extends, the mental powers aſcend over the ſen-

ſual. Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race; what different modes of ſight there are from the green myriads, who have their habitation in the graſs: What modes of ſight there are between the dim curtain of the mole, and the beam of the lynx: what difference there is between the ſagacious ſmell of the hound, who is ſenſible of the leaſt taint upon the graſs the hare has run over, and the headlong lioneſs, who, when ſhe goes out in ſearch of her prey in the night, ſets up a hideous roar, and then liſtens to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the ſmell: what quickneſs of hearing have the fiſhes, that abound in the floods, in compariſon of the birds, who warble in the vernal groves! How exquiſitely

ſine is the ſpider's touch, that feels at every thread, and lives as it climbs along the line! Can there be any ſenſe more ſubtly true than that of the nice bee, which extracts the healing dew from every poiſonous herb? Mark how inſtinct varies in the grovelling ſwine, when compared with the elephant; what a nice barrier is there between that and reaſon, which, notwithſtanding it be for ever ſeparate, yet it is for ever near. How near is remembrance and reflexion allied to each other, and what thin partitions divide ſenſe from thought! and notwithſtanding that middle natures frequently long to join one another, yet they never paſs the inſuperable line; neither could they be one ſubjected to another, without this juſt gradation. But all thoſe different

powers are ſubdued by thee alone; for thy reaſon is the ſame to thee, as if thou waſt poſſeſſed of all theſe powers.

VIII. OBSERVE how through the air, the ocean, and the earth, they are all quick of matter, and burſt into birth. For we know not how high progreſſive life may go, how wide it extends itſelf, and how deep it may deſcend below. All this vaſt chain of beings, whether ethereal as angels, or human as men, they all had their beginning from GOD; beaſts, birds, fiſhes, even what no eye can ſee, nor glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee, and from thee to nothing. There is nothing in the whole creation but is of uſe to another; they are all linked together by one chain, and if one link were broke, the ſcale would be diſcharged, the ſame as if ten thouſand ſhared the ſame fate.

If each ſyſtem rolls in a proper gradation, and every part of it is equally eſſential to the amazing whole; if the leaſt confuſion were to happen in one part, not the ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall; for if the earth, not being properly balanced, ſhould fly from her orbit, both ſuns and planets would run lawleſs through the the ſky; then ruling Angels would be hurled from their ſpheres, one wrecked upon another; the whole centre of the foundations of Heaven would nod, and every thing of nature would tremble but God's throne. And muſt this dread order of Nature be broke for thee? A vile worm! Oh! what madneſs, pride, and impiety is here!

IX. What if the foot, which was ordained to tread the duſt, or the hand,

which was ordained to toil, was to aſpire to be the head? What if the head, the eye, or the ear, ſhould refuſe to be employed as engines to the all-ruling mind? It is juſt as abſurd for one part to claim a right to be another in this general frame; and it it is no leſs to mourn the taſks Providence lays upon us, or the pains the great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of this ſtupendous body of Nature, and God is the ſoul of it; and though it be changed through all, yet it is the ſame in all; as great in the earth, as it is in the ethereal frame; it is he that warms us in the ſun, and refreſhes us in the breeze; he lives through all life; and extends through all extent; yet he is for ever unſpent; he both breathes in our ſouls, and likewiſe informs our

mortal part; he is as full and as perfect in a hair, as he is in the heart; and as full and perfect in man, who is conſtantly murmuring and repining, as he is in the rapt ſeraph, that burns with holy adoration. There is nothing too high or too low, too great or too ſmall; for he bounds, fills, and connects all.

X. CEASE then, and call not Order imperfection; for our proper bliſs depends on what we blame. Know then thy own point in its proper kind and degree, for it is Heaven that beſtows on thee this blindneſs and weakneſs; therefore ſubmit in every ſphere thou art placed in, being always ſecure of this, that thou ſhalt have as much bleſſedneſs as thou canſt bear: thou art ſafe in the hand of that diſpoſing Power, both in thy

coming into the world, and thy going out of it; for all nature is no more than art, which is unknown to thee; though all is chance, yet it is guided by a direction which thou canſt not ſee; and though it may ſeem all diſcord, yet if thou couldſt ſee it, thou wouldſt perceive it to be all harmony; for though it be apparent evil, yet it is a univerſal good: and, in ſpite of pride, and erring reaſon, this is a clear truth, that, WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT.

EPISTLE II.

I. ENdeavour therefore, O man, to know thyſelf, and preſume not to ſcan the deep deſigns of PROVIDENCE. The only ſcience man was ſent into the world for was to learn to know himſelf: for, according to the order GOD has placed him in, he may, by making a proper uſe of his reaſon, ariſe to ſo much knowledge, as to hinder him from being a ſceptic, and by this means ſave him from becoming a ſtoic. He is in doubt whether to deem himſelf a GOD or a beaſt; as he knows he is born to die, he may err in his reaſon; the pro-

per epitome of it being ſo very narrow, that he is frequently in doubt whether to prefer the ſoul to the body, or the body to the ſoul; and as he is liable to err, he concludes that it is as well for him to think and know too little, as too much; and therefore the only wiſdom he ought to purchaſe is, whatever may be uſeful for the improvement of his ſtation in this world. Whenever he goes beyond this, though he be the great Lord of all things, yet he becomes a prey to all, being involved in endleſs errors: he becomes the glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world: for we ſigh in vain for more perfection than our ſtate can bear. It is HEAVEN, which is wiſe in all its diſpoſals, that made us as we are; for a modeſt ape might as well aim at

being a man, as he ſees and feels as well as you and I do; and it is no more ridiculous in him at aiming to be ſomething above his capacity, than it is for man to aim at being an angel, whom we cannot ſee, and whoſe nature and property we know nothing about: for obſerve how near the monkey comes up to the human race; what human tricks he has! and what a riſible face! Pug might call the Gods unkind, becauſe, though he has ſo often endeavoured to walk on two legs, and has ſuch ardent longings for a mind, yet he has not been ſet upright, and married to his mind. He may go as a mighty reaſoner, and aſſume the doctor's chain, be as ſevere as SENECA, and as deep in his reaſoning as PLATO.

MAN may as well meaſure the earth, weigh the air, or put bounds to the ſea; inſtruct the planets what orbs they are to run in, regulate the ſun, and correct old Time, and with PLATO ſoar to the imperial ſphere, to the Firſt Good, and the moſt perfect of all beings; or he may tread the ſame mazy road that his followers trod, and imagine, that when they give up their natural ſenſe, they imitate GOD; as the eaſtern prieſts turn their heads in giddy circles, imagining thereby that they imitate the ſun. Or he may as well teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule, and then drop into himſelf, and be a fool.

THE ſuperior beings, when lately they ſaw a mortal man endeavouring to unfold all the laws of nature,

admired that there was ſo much wiſdom treaſured up in an earthly ſhape; and therefore they made a joke of NEWTON, as we do of an ape.

COULD he, who taught each planet where to roll, deſcribe one ſingle movement of his own mind? or account who it was that made each point to riſe, or to deſcend? or explain from what his own nature began, or what would be the end of it? alas! what a wonder is it, that man, who is bleſſed with ſuperior parts, ſo that he can climb from art to art, yet, whatever web his reaſon weaves, is undone by his paſſions! let Modeſty then be thy guide, when thou wouldſt trace Science; ſtrip her of all the equipage of Pride, deduct every thing

from the luxury of Learning, which is but Vanity and Dreſs, and ſerve only as tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of the human brain, being no more than mere curious pleaſure or ingenious pain; therefore either expunge the whole, or lop off the excreſcent parts of all the arts which our vices have created, and then you will ſee how little true merit there has been, which has ſerved all the paſt time of life, and what remains, to ſerve the time that is to come.

II. For there are two principles that always reign in human nature, viz. ſelf-love, to urge us to purſue every thing that is good, and reaſon, to reſtrain us from every thing that is evil; and each of thoſe works move towards its proper end,

in governing every one of us, and we muſt always aſcribe every thing that is good to the right governing of our paſſions, and every thing that is evil, by not ruling them according to the dictates of right reaſon.

SELF-LOVE is always the ſpring of motion that actuates the ſoul, but it muſt be reaſon that muſt give the balance to the whole. Man could not attend to any action, were it not for this, and if it were not for this, man would be active without any ſufficient end: he would be juſt like a plant that is fixed to a particular ſpot, from whence he ſhould draw nutrition, to propagate his ſpecies, and then rot; or, like the lawleſs flame of a meteor, which runs through every void, deſtroying all before it, till it is deſtroyed

by itſelf. The moving principle requires our ſtrength to prompt, impel, and inſpire it with activity: but it muſt be ruled by reaſon alone, which muſt be ſedate and quiet, as it is formed to alleviate and adviſe us, and to be a check upon our other paſſions. Self-love acts ſtronger, according as it ſees the object of its wiſhes nigh at hand; but Reaſon ſits at a diſtance, and views the future conſequences of things: whereas ſelf-love is actuated only by the ſenſe of a preſent good. For let us be as watchful as ever we will, temptations throng faſter about us than we can ſummon up arguments againſt them. Reaſon muſt always therefore be upon its guard, to ſuſpend the force of the temptation; and, by a cloſe atten-

tion, it will acquire a ſtronger habit, and more experience, and his reaſon will be ſo much ſtrengthened, as to reſtrain the ſallies of ſelf-love. Let ſubtle ſchoolmen, who generally are more ſtudious to divide than unite mankind; and Grace, Virtue, Senſe, and Reaſon, with all the raſh dexterity of wit, ſplit. Wits are juſt like fools, frequently at war about a name, which often has the ſame meaning, and ſometimes no meaning at all. Self-love and Reaſon both aſpire at one end; for pain is the averſion, and pleaſure the deſire of both. Self-love is greedy to devour its object, and to taſte the honey, without wounding the flower of Reaſon: both pleaſure and pain, if we rightly underſtood them, are either

our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. We may call the paſſions no more than ſo many modes of ſelf-love, as it is either a ſeeming, or a real good, that moves them all: but ſince we cannot divide every good thing amongſt others, Reaſon bids us provide for ourſelves; and though our paſſions be ſelfiſh, yet when they are employed for proper ends, and liſted under the banner of Reaſon, they tend to exalt nature to the practice of every virtue.

Stoics may boaſt that virtue conſiſts in a freedom from every paſſion, and an inſenſibility to every pain, and therefore their virtue is contracted, and retires to their own breaſt, and is fixed there, as if it were frozen: but ſtrength of mind

is exercise, and not rest; for the rising tempest puts the soul into action, and though it may commit a ravage upon a part, yet it preserves the whole. As we all sail in a different manner on the vast ocean of life, Reason must be the card by which we must steer, but Passion must be the gale to waft us through it; for we do not find God always in the still calm, he sometimes mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

The passions are like the elements, though they are born to fight, yet when they are mixed, and softened, they unite together in good works: it is enough for us only to temper and employ them; for whatever composes, can likewise destroy man. Let it suffice then, that Reason sub-

jects and compounds them in such a manner, as to follow the road of Nature, which is the law of God. For all the train of fair-smiling Pleasure, Love, Hope and Joy, when mixed with Hate, Fear, and Grief, which are the family of Pain, make and maintain an equal balance in the mind: these, like lights and shades in painting, give all the strength and colour to our life.

We always have pleasure either in our hands or our eyes, and when they cease in the action, they rise in the prospect. It is the whole employment of the body and the mind to grasp at the present, or to hope for the future; those are continually spreading all their charms, though they do not charm every one alike; for different senses strike more force-

ably on one paſſion than another, and therefore, agreeable to the weakneſs or ſtrength of the organ on which they ſtrike. Every man has a MASTER PASSION in his breaſt, which, like AARON's ſerpent, ſwallows up all the other paſſions.

As Man, perhaps the very firſt moment that he breathes, imbibes the lurking principle, which grows up with him in life, till it at length ſubdues him, ſo it is the diſeaſe of the mind, that the RULING PASSION feeds the whole of every vital humour; for as the mind opens, and ſpreads its functions, whatever warms the heart, or fills the head, imagination employs her dangerous art in pouring it conſtantly on the peccant part.

NATURE being its mother, and

Habit its nurſe, Wit, Spirit, and Faculties only tend to make it worſe; for Reaſon itſelf gives it only more power and edge, as the ſun, the bleſt beam of heaven, makes vinegar more ſour.

We only are wretched ſubjects, though it be to the lawful ſway of this weak queen; and if ſhe does not lend us arms, as well as rules, ſhe tells us in fact that we are no more than fools. She teaches us only to mourn our nature, but not to mend it; though ſhe be a ſharp accuſer, ſhe is but a helpleſs friend; ſhe turns from a judge to a pleader, to perſuade us to make a choice, or to juſtify it when it is made, being all along proud of an eaſy conqueſt. She only removes the weaker paſſions, that the ſtronger may take place;

in the ſame manner as when ſmall pains and humours turn into a gout, the doctor imagines that he has driven them out of the body.

YES, the road of Nature muſt ever be preferred; for Reaſon is ſtill a guard, though it be no guide; and it is hers to rectify, and not overthrow, and to treat this paſſion more like a friend than like a foe. It is a mightier power that ſends this ſtong direction, and impels ſeveral men to ſeveral ends: Juſt like the varying winds, toſt by their paſſions, this conſtantly drives them to a certain coaſt. Whether gold, glory, knowledge, power, or the love of eaſe, pleaſe, every one follows his darling paſſion, though at the expence of his life; for the merchant in his toiling finds reaſon on his ſide, in the

ſame manner as do the pride of the hero, the indolence of the ſage, and the humility of the monk.

THE eternal art of educing good from evil grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle: it is thus that the Mercury of man is fixed, and the virtue grows ſtrong, which is mixed with his nature; for by this means the droſs cements, what elſe would be too refined, and ſo the body and mind act together in one intereſt.

As fruits, which are ungrateful to the planter for all his care, by his ingrafting them on ſtocks which are foreign, he learns them to bear; thus the ſureſt and moſt ſubſtantial virtues ſhoot from the paſſions, when the vigour of wild nature works at the root of them. Only obſerve what crops of wit and honeſty pro-

ceed from ſpleen, obſtinacy, hatred, and fear! ſee how anger and fortitude ſupply the want of zeal, avarice, prudence, ſloth, and philoſophy; luſt, when it is refined through ſome certain ſtrainers, is no more than gentle love, and pleaſes all womankind; and envy, which is a ſlave in the ignoble mind, is no more than imitation in the learned or brave; and there is no virtue that we can mention, but what will either grow on pride or ſhame.

But let it always be a check upon our pride, that Nature gives us only that which is neareſt allied to our vices: it is therefore the byas of nature, that muſt produce good from evil; for Nero, if he would, might have reigned as illuſtriouſly as Titus. The fiery ſoul, which

was abhorred in a CATILINE, charmed in DECIUS, and was divine in CURTIUS: the ſame ambition can either deſtroy or ſave, and make a patriot as well as it makes a knave.

IT is therefore the GOD within the mind that muſt divide this light and darkneſs, which are joined within us. Extremes in nature produce equal ends in man, and join together for ſome myſterious uſe; and though each by turns invade the other's bounds, yet they often mix: as in well-wrought pictures, the lights and the ſhades ſet off each other, ſo where thoſe are mixed, it is very difficult to obſerve where Virtue ends, or Vice begins.

THEY are fools, who fall into the notion, that there is neither Vice

nor Virtue. It is the ſame as if you would blend black and white a thouſand different ways, ſo that the colour could not be eaſily diſcerned; yet this will never make it appear that there is neither black nor white: for if you will only conſult your own heart, you will find nothing is ſo plain; thoſe that think otherwiſe, take a deal of time and pains to work themſelves into the belief of it.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful a mien, that it requires no more than a perfect ſight of it to make it hated. Yet if we ſee it too often, we become familiar with her face, and by this means we firſt endure the ſight, then pity the perſon in whom it appears; and frequently at laſt embrace it ourſelves. But

we never are agreed about the extremes of vice. The ſame, as when you aſk, where is the North? you are told at YORK, that it is on the TWEED; when there, they tell you it is in SCOTLAND; there, in the ORCADES, GREENLAND, ZEMBLA, or the Lord knows where. So no creature owns vice in its firſt degree, but ſtill thinks his neighbour farther gone in it than he; yet that very degree, which happier natures ſhrink at with all the marks of the greateſt horror and affright, thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone never ſo much as own that they feel its rage; nay, they become ſo hard in the commiſſion of it, that they contend that only they are in the right.

THEREFORE every man muſt ei-

ther be virtuous or vitious, though in different degrees: The rogue and fool are fair and wiſe by fits; and even the beſt are by fits what they deſpiſe themſelves for. So that we only follow good or evil by parts; for it is Self-love alone that directs us in the choice of either; each individual has a goal that he is moving to, but HEAVEN has one great view in all, and that alone commands the whole. It is that which counteracts each folly and caprice, diſappoints the woful effects that every vice would have; and that applies happy frailties to all the different ranks of mankind; it is that which gives ſhame to the virgin, and pride to the matron, fear to the ſtateſman, and boldneſs and bravery to the commander, pre-

ſumption to kings, and belief to the mixed multitude; for Virtue can exalt itſelf even upon Vanity, which ſeeks no intereſt, but the reward of praiſe; and the joy, the peace, and glory of mankind is built on the wants and defects of the mind.

It was Heaven that ordained that each ſhould depend on the other, and be either as a maſter, a ſervant, or a friend, and bids each call upon the other for aſſiſtance; for God makes even evil productive of good; ſo that even our wants, our frailties, and paſſions, make it our common intereſt, and endears the tie that Nature has bound us with. It is frequently to our very wants and infirmities that we are indebted for true friendſhip, ſincere love, and every home-felt

joy that life inherits here below; yet, when we find thoſe paſſions decaying in our friends, we learn to reſign thoſe intereſts, and we are taught by Reaſon, and half by the mere decay of Nature, to welcome Death, and paſs quietly out of this world.

WHATEVER our paſſion be, whether knowledge, fame, or pelf, no one will exchange his neighbour's condition with his own. The learned is happy in his exploring of nature, the fool is happy in knowing no more; the rich is happy in the plenty that Heaven has given him, and the poor contents himſelf with the pleaſure of thinking himſelf to be the care of Heaven. See how the blind beggar dances, the cripple ſings, the ſot

thinks himſelf a hero, and the lunatic fancies himſelf to be a king; the ſtarving chymiſt is ſupremely bleſt in the hopes and views he has of being rich, and the poet is happy even in his muſe.

See ſome ſtrong comfort attends us in every ſtage of life, and the pride that is beſtowed on every one, becomes his common friend. See ſome fell paſſion ſupplies every age, hope travels always along with us, and does not quit us even when we die.

Behold the child, by the kindly law of nature, is pleaſed with a rattle, and tickled with a ſtraw: and as he advances in years, ſome livelier play-thing of a more noiſy nature, though full as empty, gives him delight, and he is amuſed in

the riper ſtages of life with ſcarfs, garbs, and gold, and he makes uſe of beads and prayer-books as the toys of his old age. He is as much pleaſed with thoſe baubles, as he was with any others before; till being tired, he falls aſleep, and the poor play of life is all over with him. In the mean time, Opinion gilds with varying rays thoſe painted clouds which beautify our days; every want of happineſs is ſupplied by Hope, and every vanity of Senſe by Pride: Theſe build as faſt as Knowledge can deſtroy; and the bubble of Joy ſtill laughs in the cup of Folly; for after we have loſt one proſpect, we gain another; and no vanity we at any time poſſeſs is given us in vain; even mean Self-love becomes by divine force the

ſcale to meaſure other men's wants by his own. But ſee! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt remain; and it is this, that though man is a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

LEARN therefore, dulneſs, learn! the univerſal cauſe acts to one end, though it acts by various laws, let this grand truth be preſent with us, both night and day, in all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health, the trim of our pride, and the impudence of our wealth; but let it be well remembered by thoſe who either preach or pray.

Look round the world, and behold the chain of love, combining all above, and all below; obſerve wiſe plaſtic Nature working to this end; the very ſingle atoms tend to each other;

they either attract, or are attracted, to the next in place, and either formed or impelled to embrace its neighbour. Next, obſerve matter, inclined with various life, ſtill preſſing to the general good, as its centre. See the dying vegetables preſerve and ſuſtain life, and obſerve how diſſolving life vegetates again: all forms that periſh ſupply other forms, (even by turns we catch the vital breath and die) juſt like the bubbles that are borne on the ſea of matter, they riſe, they break, and return to that ſea again. Nothing is foreign; for the moſt remote part has a connexion with the one all-extending and all-preſerving ſoul of the whole, and connects every being, the greateſt with the leaſt: by this means the beaſts are made to aid and aſſiſt man, and man to aid and aſſiſt the

beaſts. We are either all ſaved, or all ſaving; for nothing ſtands alone; the chain ſtill holds on; but nobody can tell where it ends.

O THOU fool! doſt thou think that GOD works only for thy good, thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, and thy food? who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn? has he not as kindly ſpread the flowery lawn for his ſupport? doſt thou think that it is only for thee that the lark aſcends and ſings? No, joy tunes his voice, and joy elevates his wings. Doſt thou think that it is only for thee that the linnet pours his throat? No, it is loves of his own, and his own raptures, that ſwell the note. Even the bounding ſteed, which you beſtride ſo pompouſly, ſhares with his lord in both his pride and his plea-

ſure. Is the ſeed that ſtrews the plain thine alone? no, even the birds of Heaven vindicate their part of it; and the full harveſt of the golden year is kindly and juſtly paid to the deſerving ſteer: even the hog, that neither ploughs nor obeys the call of man, lives on thy labours, though thou art Lord of the whole univerſe.

KNOW then, that all the children of Nature divide her care; for the fur that now warms the monarch, firſt warmed the bear. While man exclaims, "See how all things are "made for my uſe!" the pampered gooſe replies, "See man for mine!" what care he had to tend, to lodge, to cram, and treat him; he knew all this very well, though he did not know that he was to be eaten: thus far the gooſe judged and rea-

ſoned right; but man quite miſtakes the matter: and he falls juſt as ſhort of reaſon, who thinks that all were made for one, and not one for all.

GRANT, that the powerful controul the weak; and let man be the wit and tyrant of the whole: yet ſtill nature checks that tyrant; for he only knows, and helps, another creature's wants and woes. Will the falcon ſpare the dove, ſmit with her various plumage? Does the jay admire the gilded wings of the inſect? or does the hawk hear when PHILOMEL ſings? it is man that cares for all: he gives his woods to the birds, his paſtures to the beaſts, and his floods to the fiſhes; his intereſt prompts him to provide for ſome, his pleaſures for more, but for more ſtill his pride: All feed and enjoy

the extenſive bleſſing of the luxury of one vain patron; for the very life that his learned hunger craves, he ſaves from both famine and the ſavages; nay, feaſts the very animal that he dooms to feaſt on, and makes it bleſt, till he ends its being; which ſees no more the ſtroke, nor feels the pain, than the man, who is highly favoured, when he is killed by the ethereal touch. Every creature has had his feaſt of life before his death, and man muſt periſh alſo, when his feaſt is over.

Heaven is a friend to every unthinking being, and never gives it the uſeleſs knowledge of its end: he imparts it to man, but with this view, that at the ſame time that he dreads it, it makes him hope for it too; his hour is concealed, and the

fear is ſo remote, that though Death ſeems ſtill to draw nearer, yet he never appears to be near. This is a great ſtanding miracle, that Heaven has aſſigned this turn of mind to the only thing that can think.

II. For know, whether all are bleſſed with inſtinct, or with reaſon, yet every thing enjoys the power which ſuits it beſt; and by that direction they all enjoy bliſs alike, and always find the means proportioned to their end. Say, when there is full inſtinct, that will always prove an unerring guide, can they need either hope or counſel beſide this? Reaſon, however able it may be, yet it is at beſt but cool, and does not care for ſervice, though it ſerves when it is preſſed to it; it always ſtays till we call, and then it is very

often not near at hand; while honeſt inſtinct always comes a volunteer, and is ſure never to outſhoot, but hit the mark; while human wit is ſtill too wide or too ſhort; you are ſure always to gain that happineſs by quick Nature, which heavier Reaſon only labours at in vain. This likewiſe ſerves always, Reaſon never long; Inſtinct muſt always go right, Reaſon ſometimes may err. Obſerve then, that the acting and comparing powers are one in their nature, which are two in ours: and after all their pains to exalt Reaſon, it is GOD that directs in Inſtinct; in what you call Reaſon, only man directs.

WHO was it that taught the nations that inhabit the fields and the woods to chuſe their food, and to

ſhun every poiſonous herb? or who gave the inhabitants of the watry worlds the preſcience and foreknowledge to withſtand the tides and tempeſts, ſo as either to gender on the waves, or make an arch for their young beneath the ſand? who was it that bid the ſpider deſign parallels, as ſure as DE-MOIVRE, without either rule or line? who is it that bids the ſtork, like COLUMBUS, explore heavens that are none of his own, and were unknown before? Who is it that calls the council, or that ſtates the certain day? Who forms the phalanx, and points out the way that armies are to be governed, ſo as to obtain victory?

III. IT is GOD, that founds in the nature of every thing its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds; but as

he framed the whole with a deſign to bleſs them all, he alſo made mutual Happineſs to ſubmit to mutual Wants. It was that eternal ORDER ran from the firſt beginning, when creature was linked to creature, and man to man, or whatever of life all-quickening Æther keeps, or breathes through air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps, or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds the vital flame of all, and ſwells the genial ſeeds. It is not man alone, but all the different creatures, that roam in the wood, or fly the air, or the fiſhes that roll along the flood; every one loves itſelf, but does not love itſelf alone; both the ſexes deſiring alike, till two are made one. Neither does the pleaſure end with the fierce embrace; they love themſelves even a third

time, in their race. Thus both beaſts and birds attend their common charge, the mothers nurſe their offspring, and the ſires defend them from danger; and their inſtinct ſtops, and their care is ended, when their young is diſmiſſed, to wander either in the earth, or the air; the link is diſſolved, each of them ſeeks a freſh embrace, another love ſucceeds, and by this means, another race. But the helpleſs ſtate of mankind, when born, demands longer care of their offspring, and that contracts more laſting bands: Reaſon and Reflection ſtill improve the ties, and at once both extend the intereſt and the love: we fix our choice, and burn with ſympathy; every virtue takes its turn in every paſſion, and ſtill new neceſſities and wants

riſe, that require new habits, by which Benevolence is grafted on Love. Still as one brood aroſe upon another, they maintained their natural love, which, by this means, grew habitual: while the laſt being ſcarce ripened into perfect man, ſaw their great grandfather from whence they all ſprung, quite helpleſs through old age: Memory and Foreſight engage juſt returns; that looks backward to youth, the other forward to man; while Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope, combine to ſpread the intereſt, and preſerve the kind.

IV. Nor allow yourſelf to think, that they blindly trod in the ſtate of Nature; for the ſtate of Nature was the reign of God: Both ſelf and ſocial love were born at once, and union was the bond of all things

as well as of man. There was then no pride nor arts to ſupport it; man walked with the beaſt, and was the joint tenant of the ſhade; both their beds and their tables were the ſame; murder neither clothed nor fed him. They both worſhipped in one temple, and the woods reſounded, for all vocal beings hymned their common GOD: the ſhrine was then undreſt with gold, and unſtained with gore, and the blameleſs prieſt was clothed with innocence, free of both bribery and bloodſhed. Univerſal care was the attribute of GOD, and the prerogative of man was to rule, but at the ſame time to ſpare. Ah! how unlike the men who were to come! who being enemies to nature, became not only the butchers, but the tomb; and not frightened at the ge-

neral groan, both betray and murder their own ſpecies. But Nature has very juſtly repaid him for this; for every death that he is the occaſion of, breeds its avenger, and juſt Diſeaſe always ſucceeds Luxury; for all the furious paſſions began from the firſt ſhedding of blood, and turned on man a fiercer ſavage, which is man.

See how ſlow is the riſe of man from Nature to Art! he is commanded by Nature to go and take his inſtructions from the creatures; to learn from the birds, whether the trees bear what is wholeſome; for navigators, when they touch upon a foreign land, never eat of the fruits, though never ſo beautiful, without they obſerve they have been firſt picked by the birds; he is to learn

from the beaſts the phyſic of the field; and to receive inſtructions in the art of building from the bee; how to plough from the mole; and from the ſilk-worm, how to weave; learn from the little Nautilus how to ſail, to ſpread the thin oar, and to catch the driving breeze; for they ſwim upon the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, which exactly reſemble the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two feet like maſts, and extend a membrane between, which ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet being employed as oars on the ſides. This fiſh is uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean. From the beaſts he is alſo ordered to learn all forms of ſocial union, and hence let Reaſon inſtruct mankind: here ſee ſubterranean works and cities; and there aerial

towns on the waving tree. Learn the genius and politics of every ſmall people, the republic of the ants, and the realm of the bees: how thoſe beſtow all their wealth in common, without anarchy or confuſion; and thoſe, though a monarch reign, preſcribe their property, and their ſeparate cells. Obſerve what unvaried laws preſerve each ſtate, laws that are as wiſe as Nature, and as unalterable as Fate. In vain thy reaſon ſhall draw finer webs, and entangle Juſtice in her net of Law; and by this means, maintaining too rigid a right, harden it into wrong, which makes it too weak for the ſtrong, and too ſtrong for the weak. Yet go, and thus bear ſway over all the creatures, and let the wiſer make the reſt obey; and be crowned as

monarchs, or adored as Gods, for thoſe various arts mere Inſtinct could afford.

V. Such were great Nature's orders, and obſervant men obeyed; by this means ſocieties were made, and cities built: One little ſtate roſe here, and another joined it, either through love or dread. In one place the trees bend with ruddier burdens of fruit, and in another the ſtreams deſcend in purer rills. There was then no need for War to raviſh, nor no treaſure for Rapine to invade. Converſe and Love might ſtrongly draw mankind, when Love was Liberty, Nature was Law. By this means ſtates were formed; though the name of King was unknown, till common intereſt made it neceſſary for the ſway to be placed in one. It

was then only Virtue, or a diſtinguiſhed ſkill in arts or arms, in the perſon who either diffuſed bleſſings, or warded off miſeries, the ſame which makes the ſons obey their ſires, that made a prince the father of a people.

VI. Till then, each patriarch, crowned by Nature, ſat the king, prieſt, and parent of his growing ſtate; they hung on him, as their ſecond providence, his eye was their law, and his tongue their oracle. He called the food from the wondering furrow, taught how to command the fire, or controul the flood, to draw forth the monſters from the profound abyſs, or fetch to the ground the eagles, that flew in the air. And when he, whom they revered as a God, began to droop,

ſicken, and die, then they mourned for him as a man: and then looking up from ſire to ſire, they explored their Firſt Father, and adored him. The faith of this plain tradition, that this All began, they conveyed unbroken from ſire to ſon; the worker was known diſtinctly from the work, and ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one: for before oblique Wit had broke that ſteddy light, man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right; and trod in the paths of Virtue to Pleaſure, and when he owned a GOD, owned him as a Father. All the faith and allegiance then is Love; for Nature knew no divine right in man, and could fear no ill in GOD; and underſtood no other ſovereign but a ſovereign good. True faith and policy ran united together,

the one being the love of God, the other that of man.

Who was it that firſt taught undone realms, and ſouls enſlaved, that enormous article of faith, that many were made for one; that proud exception to all the laws of Nature, to invert the world, and even to work its cauſe? it was Force that firſt made Conqueſt, and Conqueſt that made Law; till Superſtition taught the people to reverence the tyrant, then ſhared the tyranny, and lent it aid, making Gods of conquerors, and ſlaves of ſubjects: She availed ſelf of the blaze of the lightning, and the ſound of the thunder, when the mountains rocked, and when the ground groaned; it was ſhe who taught the weak to bend, and the proud to pray to a Power unſeen,

and far mightier than they: She ſaw from the burſting ſkies and rending earth the Gods deſcend, and infernal fiends ariſe: here ſhe fixed the dreadful, and there the bleſt abodes; All the notion ſhe had of devils, proceeded wholly from fear; and the weak hope ſhe had made her believe a GOD, whoſe attributes ſhe imagined to be rage, revenge, and luſt; ſuch as the heathen Gods and conquerors were. It was a blind furious zeal, and not the ſweet bond of Charity, that became their guide; and their ſpite dictated to them a hell for their enemies and oppoſers, and their pride was ſo great, that they diſdained even to go to Heaven, without they were ſeated there as a God. The ethereal vault was now no longer ſacred; their altars,

which ſhould have been the abode of a peaceful GOD, became marble, and reeked with gore; then firſt the Flamen taſted living food; after which he ſmeared his idol over with human blood; he ſhook the world below with heaven's thunders, and made even his GOD an engine againſt his foe.

So it is that Self-love drives the man to things juſt or unjuſt, to one man's ambition, lucre, or luſt: and the ſame ſelf-love it is that becomes the cauſe of reſtraining the whole human race, though it is ſometimes pretended to be the government and the laws. For if every one was to like the ſame as another, a weaker perſon might rob them of it by ſurprize, or a ſtronger take it by open force; therefore his ſafety both

ſleeping and awake muſt depend upon the laws, which make each man the guardian of his private property. Self-defence having forced all men into virtue, this made even kings learn juſtice and benevolence: Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſued, and found that its own private intereſt was only to be ſecured by the public good.

It was then that both the ſtudious head and the generous mind, the follower of God, or friend to the human kind, whether poet or patriot, roſe only to reſtore that faith and moral, which Nature had given before; they did not kindle a new light, but relumed the ancient one of Nature; if they could not make God's image, yet they drew a ſhadow of it: It was this that

taught the due uſe of power both to people and Kings, and taught them neither too much to ſlacken nor to ſtrain its tender ſtrings; like a well-tuned inſtrument, which, when you touch one ſtring, muſt ſtrike the other alſo, and muſt make every jarring intereſt create to themſelves a well-mixed government. Such is the great harmony of the world, that ſprings from order, union, and full conſent of things: when both ſmall and great, weak and mighty, were made to ſerve, not to ſuffer, to ſtrengthen, and not to invade; makes each more powerful, as needful to the reſt, and is itſelf bleſt in proportion as it bleſſes others, and brings to one central point beaſt, man, angel, ſervant, lord, or king.

Let then only fools conteſt for

forms of government; for whatever is beſt adminiſtred is beſt: let graceleſs zealots fight for modes of faith; for the man's faith can never be wrong which produces a good life. Though the world may diſagree with regard to the objects of faith and hope, yet all the race of mankind's concern is Charity: every thing that thwarts this great end muſt be falſe; and every thing muſt be of God that makes men happier, or mends their morals.

Man, like the generous vine, lives by ſupport, and gains ſtrength by the kindly aſſiſtance he gives to others. As the planets, though they run on their own axis, yet make at once their circle round the ſun; ſo the ſoul is actuated by two conſiſtent motions, one of which

has a regard to its own intereſt, and the other to that of the whole race of mankind.

THUS both GOD and Nature have linked together the general frame, and commanded both ſelf and ſocial love to be the ſame.

EPISTLE IV.

OH Happineſs! to which we all aſpire, thou art our being's end and chief aim! winged by ſtrong hope, and whatever we may imagine it to be, that contains any thing that is good, pleaſant, and agreeable: Thou art that ſomething for which both the rich and the poor ſigh, and the only thing that makes life tolerable; for the obtaining of which, we even dare to look Death in the face, and though it be ſo near us, yet it always ſeems as at a great diſtance. It is overlooked, and ſeen double, both by

the fool and the wiſe man. Oh Happineſs! thou art a plant that ſprings only from celeſtial ſeed! if thou art dropt on this earth, inform us in what mortal ſoil thou deſigneſt to grow. Art thou to be found in the propitious ſhine of court-favour, or doſt thou lie in the deep mire with flaming diamonds? Art thou wreathed with the laurels which PARNASSUS yields, or art thou to be found in the fields of war, thoſe iron harveſts? it is in vain to ſearch where it grows; for where does it not grow? ſincere happineſs is fixed to no ſpot, we ought neither to blame the culture nor the ſoil: for it is never to be bought, but always free; and though it be fled from monarchs, yet it dwells with thee, O St. JOHN!

If you aſk of the learned the way, they are blind; one tells you it is to ſerve, the other to ſhun mankind. Some place their happineſs in action, and a hurry of buſineſs; ſome in all the indulgencies of eaſe and ſupineneſs; ſome in pleaſure, and others in what they call contentment; ſome are ſo ſunk in brutiſh pleaſures, as frequently to find their delight end in pain; ſome are ſo ſwelled with pride, as to deſpiſe even virtue, and call it vain; or elſe they grow indolent, and fall to an extreme of truſting in every thing, or doubting of all.

They who thus define it, come to no other concluſion than this, that happineſs is happineſs.

Take Nature's path, and leave all mad opinions; every head can

conceive it, and every ſtate can reach it; her goods are obvious; they dwell in no extreme; no more is needed but thinking right, and meaning well; and notwithſtanding we may repine and mourn over the different portions of happineſs allotted to us, yet we ſhall find that this is an equal allotment of common ſenſe and common eaſe.

For remember, man, the univerſal cauſe acts by general laws, and not partial ones; and makes what we juſtly call happineſs to conſiſt not in the good of the individual, but of the whole.

There is not a ſingle bleſſing individuals find, but ſome way or other tends to promote this; not even the moſt fierce banditti, or the tyrant mad with pride, nor even

the hermit, who lives in a cavern, is ſelf-ſatisfied: for even thoſe who pretend moſt to ſhun or hate mankind, are deſirous to have an admirer, or would have one they could fix on as their friend: and abſtracted from whatever all others may pretend, all pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink: every one has his proper ſhare; and whoever would expect to find more, ſhall find that his pleaſure does not pay for half the pains he is at in procuring it.

ORDER is the firſt law of heaven; and when you can be brought to think and confeſs this, there muſt be ſome in a more exalted condition, and ſome in a lower one; ſome more rich, more wiſe; but for any perſon to conclude from thence, that they are more happy,

muſt ſhock all common ſenſe. Do not ſay, that Heaven is profuſe to one, and ſparing to another, and makes a thouſand ſlaves for the uſe and pleaſures of one monarch; you will find, when the cauſes and ends of every thing are known, that heaven made the one to ſerve the thouſand. For Heaven thus breathes through every member of the whole, as one common ſoul. And if Fortune's gifts were poſſeſſed alike by each, it is plain that God could never place content in externals. Peace of mind is the whole that is to be wiſhed for and deſired.

Fortune may variouſly diſpoſe of her gifts, and one be called happy, and another unhappy; but Heaven's juſt balance will appear

equal, when the one is placed in Hope and the other in Fear: for it is not the preſent joy that the one poſſeſſes, or the wretchedneſs of the other, but the future views of what each expects to poſſeſs in the next world.

Oh ye ſons of men! will ye ſtill attempt to riſe to the ſkies, by one mountain piled upon another? Heaven views the vain toil with laughter, and buries ſuch madmen in the very heaps they raiſe.

Know then, that all the good God or Nature ever meant, or individuals poſſeſs, was meant to mere mankind; for Reaſon's whole pleaſure, and all the joys of Senſe, are in theſe three words, Health, Peace, and Competence. But Health can be found only in Temperance, and

Peace in Virtue; for the good and the bad equally gain the goods of Fortune; but they risk the most in Fortune, who take bad means to obtain it. Whether does Vice or Virtue meet with contempt or compassion first? for when you count all the advantage that prosperous Vice attains to, it is nothing but what Virtue flies from and disclaims; and when you grant all the happiness to the bad they would chuse to have, they must want one, which is to pass for good.

THOSE are blind to truth, and GOD's whole scheme of providence here below, who fancy that he gives happiness to Vice, and misery to Virtue. But those who follow the great scheme of God's providence will be the most blessed; for

it is only fools who call the good unhappy, for any evil that may happen to them from the common occurrences of life. See the virtuous and the juſt FALKLAND dies, and God-like TURENNE is proſtrate on the duſt! See amidſt the martial ſtrife, how SIDNEY bleeds! ſay, whence did all this proceed from, their virtue, or their contempt of life? and was it virtue that ſunk lamented DIGBY to the grave? is it Virtue that makes the ſon expire? why then does the ſire live, full of days and honour? how happened it that the good Biſhop of MARSEILLES drew a purer breath amongſt all the contagion, when even Nature ſickened, and when each gale brought Death along with

it? or why did Heaven lend a parent ſo long to the poor and me?

WHAT is it that makes all phyſical and moral ill? Nature makes the firſt, and the will wanders in the laſt. For if it be rightly underſtood, GOD never ſends any ill; partial ill is univerſal good; for Heaven ſeldom lets Nature fall ſhort of its purpoſe, till man has improved or miſimproved it. We might with as much wiſdom complain of Heaven, that righteous ABEL was deſtroyed by CAIN, as that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe, when his lewd father gave the foul malady. Can we allow ourſelves to think, that the Eternal Cauſe acts in the ſame manner as the weak Prince, who is prone to reverſe

his laws, in order to oblige ſome favourite?

If a ſage requires it, ſhall burning Ætna forget to thunder, and recal his fires? or the air and ſea be impreſſed with new motions, to relieve the breaſt of blameleſs Bethel? Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go paſt when the looſe mountain trembles from on high? or ſome old temple, when nodding to its ruin, reſerve its hanging wall to fall upon the head of a Chartres?

But notwithſtanding that this world is ſo well calculated for the knave, it does not give content. If we want a better, then let it be the kingdom of the juſt: but firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree among themſelves. Certainly the good muſt merit God's peculiar care;

but there is none can tell us but GOD who thoſe juſt are. One thinks that GOD's own ſpirit fell on CALVIN, while, at the ſame time, another boldly aſſerts, that he is the inſtrument of hell; if CALVIN feel either the bleſſings or the rod of Heaven, the one party ſays there is a GOD, the other as boldly aſſerts there is none. Therefore the ſame thing that ſhocks one party, will edify the other, ſince all can never be bleſt with the ſame ſyſtem. The very beſt will have different opinions, and think that what rewards their virtue is a puniſhment to mine. WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—For it is true that this world was made for CÆSAR, but it is equally as true, that it was made alſo for TITUS: and ſay, which was more bleſt of

the two? he who took away the liberty of his country, and forged chains for them, or he whoſe virtue was ſo deeply affected, when he loſt a day?

"But it may be that ſometimes Virtue may ſtarve for want of bread, while Vice lives luxuriantly." Why, what then? has Virtue no other reward than the bounties of Providence in this life? When Vice gains it, it is at the expence of toil; for even the knave deſerves it, when he tills the land, or boldly adventurous, tempts the main, where Folly both fights for kings, and dives for gain. The good man may be both weak and indolent, but then his whole deſire terminates more in Contentment than in

Plenty. But if he has riches, then your demand is over?

"But ſuppoſe he wants health and power?" Add to him both health and power, and every other bleſſing that Earth can beſtow. "Then why is his power bounded by his being in a private capacity? why is he not a King? Nay, why is external for internal given? Why is he not made a God, and this earth whereon he dwells a celeſtial manſion?" Whoever talks and reaſons thus, will ſcarcely conceive and be perſuaded, that God gives enough, while he has more for them in reſerve: for if man's power were immenſe, his demand would be ſtill more ſo; for he would not be ſatisfied at whatever Nature could give.

But the fair prize of Virtue lies in the ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy, which nothing on earth can give, and it is not in the power of any earthly object to deſtroy. If you would fix a better, then give Humility a coach-and-ſix, a conqueror's ſword to Juſtice, Truth a gown, or public Spirit a crown, which is its only cure. Doſt thou think, weak fooliſh man, that thou ſhalt be rewarded in heaven with the ſame traſh that mortals wiſh for here? the boy and the man are the ſame individual perſon; but doſt thou now ſigh for cakes and apples? or, like the Indian, doſt thou expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife, in heaven? thou mayeſt as well do this, as to imagine that ſuch toys as empires

are aſſigned for a God-like mind. Thoſe are rewards that would bring no joy to Virtue, nay, rather would deſtroy it: for how often have thoſe virtues that the mind has been poſſeſſed of at twenty-one, been undone at ſixty! riches can give neither repute nor truſt, content nor pleaſure, to any but the juſt: for judges and ſenators have been bought for gold, but love and eſteem were never to be purchaſed. Oh man! what a fool art thou to think that God, who is both the lover and the love of all the human kind, ſhould hate the worthy mind, whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience is clear, for no other reaſon, but becauſe he does not give him a thouſand pounds a-year!

Honour and ſhame ariſe from

no condition in life; only act your part well, for there all the honour lies. The only difference there can be, is, that the one is clothed with rags, the other with brocade; the cobler, who is girt with an apron, or the parson, who is clothed with a gown; the friar, who is hooded, or the monarch, who is crowned. You will perhaps cry then, "Pray, what difference is there greater than betwixt a crown and a cowl?" Why, I will tell you then, friend, a wise man and a fool. For you will easily find, that if the monarch once acts the monk, or the parson get himself drunk, as well as the cobler, it is only worth that makes the man, and the want of it the fellow; every thing else is no more than prunella or leather.

For ſuppoſe that you ſhould look upon titles and ribbons to be the only happineſs; though thou mayeſt be by kings or their whores; and if you eſteem your own by your father's worth, though both father and mother were as chaſte as Lucretia, yet none are truly great, but thoſe who are good. If you be ſprung from an ancient family, your ancient but ignoble blood, for any thing you know, may have crept through the blood of ſcoundrels ſince the flood; therefore pretend your family is young, and do not own that your fathers have been fools ſo long: for there is nothing that can ennoble ſots, ſlaves, or villains, not even all the blood of the noble family of the Howards.

Look next on greatneſs; pray,

where does true greatneſs lie? Why, in no place but amongſt the wiſe and virtuous heroes. One point you may be aſſured of, that heroes without this divine principle are the ſame, from ALEXANDER the MACEDONIAN hero, to CHARLES XII. SWEDEN's madman; the whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives being to find or make an enemy of all mankind: Not one of them looks backward, but goes on like an impetuous torrent, and yet never looks forward further than his noſe. The politic and the wiſe are exactly the ſame; every one of thoſe are ſly ſlow things, with the utmoſt circumſpection; they take men in their looſe unguarded hours, not becauſe they themſelves are wiſe, but they take advantage of the other's weak-

neſs. But we will for once grant, that the one can conquer, and the other can cheat; it is ſtill moſt abſurd to call a villain great: for whoever is wickedly wiſe, or madly brave, makes himſelf more the fool or the knave. But he who obtains noble ends by noble means, or if he fail in this, ſmiles in exile, or bound with chains, like good AURELIUS, whether he reigns, or bleeds, like SOCRATES, that man is great indeed.

AND pray, what is Fame? why it is no more than a fancied life in the breath of others, a thing that ſeldom is right placed, and gives no real pleaſure before our death: for only what you hear now is your own, what follows after is all the ſame whether it be TULLY's or

your own. All that we feel of it begins and ends in the ſmall circle of our friends; to every body elſe it is as an empty ſhade, a living EUGENE, and a dead CÆSAR; it is all the ſame when and where they ſhone, whether on the RUBICON or on the RHINE. A wit is no more than a feather, or a ſhuttlecock, and this or a chief has frequently been made the rod of Providence; it is only an honeſt man who is the nobleſt work of God. It is nothing but Fame that can ſave from Death a villain's name, as it is juſtice that tears his body from the grave, when it would be better that the part that is hung on high, and poiſons one half of mankind, were reſigned to oblivion. All other fame is foreign, but that which we truly deſerve;

it only plays round the head, but never touches the heart; for one ſelf-approving hour far outweighs whole years of ſtupid ſtarers, mixed with loud huzzas; and MARCELLUS, though exiled, feels more true joy than CÆSAR, though he had a whole ſenate ſhouting at his heels.

PRAY, tell, what is it to be wiſe? Why, it is to know how little can be known; to ſee the faults of all others, but to feel our own: whether you are condemned to buſineſs, or to drudge in arts; without a ſecond, your heart may itſelf be the judge; for if you would teach truths, thoſe are things which few underſtand; and through fear none will aid you, though you were to endeavour to ſave a ſinking land. It is only a painful pre-eminence, to view your-

ſelf; this is ſomething worſe than all the weakneſs and the comforts of life.

THEREFORE bring all theſe things then to a ſtrict account; and after you have made all reaſonable allowances, ſee what they all amount to; how much eaſe and comfort you loſt to obtain a higher degree, and how inconſiſtent greater goods are to what you now poſſeſs, how ſometimes life is riſqued for them, and always eaſe. Think ſeriouſly, and if ſtill thoſe things call forth thy envy, ſay, wouldſt thou be the man to whom they fall? only remark how they grace Lord UMBRA or Sir BILLY. If yellow dirt be thy darling paſſion, only take a look of GRIPUS or of GRIPUS's wife. If parts allure thee, think how Lord

BACON ſhined, the wiſeſt, brighteſt, and at the ſame time the meaneſt of mortals: for though he diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles by which NEWTON was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature, yet being convicted of bribery and corruption, in the adminiſtration of juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme court of equity, he made uſe of means to repair his fortune, that were diſgraceful to the very profeſſion of letters, or of thoſe arts raviſhed with the whiſtling of a name. Obſerve how CROMWELL is damned to everlaſting ſhame! but if all ſhould join together to call forth thy ambition, read ancient ſtory, and there you will learn to ſcorn them all. Then, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great, you will fully ſee

the falſe ſcale of happineſs. Mark even in the heart of kings and queens, how happy thoſe ſeem to be, to ruin or betray thoſe who truſt in them; and mark from what their glory grows; from no other than what VENICE roſe from, dirt and ſea-weed. In every one of them greatneſs and guilt were alike blended; for every thing that raiſed the hero, ſunk the man. Behold now the laurels of EUROPE twined round their brow, but obſerve how they are either ſtained with blood, or they have made a bad exchange of them for gold. Obſerve them either broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe, or made infamous for plundering provinces. Is not all wealth ill-fated, which no act of fame ever taught to ſhine, or ſanctified from ſhame? there is no

greater bleſſing attends their cloſe of life, than leaving the whole of their ſubſtance to ſome greedy minion, or imperious wife; their coats of arms and trophies are to be ſeen no where but in their halls, or haunt their ſlumbers in the arches of their pompous ſhade in churches and dormitories. Alas! if you are not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, compute the morning and the evening of their day; the whole of their enormous fame amounts to no more than a tale, which blends their glory with their ſhame!

THEREFORE endeavour to learn this truth, that Virtue alone is Happineſs here below, and this is ſufficient for man to be ſenſible of. This is the only point where human bliſs ſtands upon; a proper founda-

tion, which taſtes the good, without fearing to fall to ill; the only place where Merit receives conſtant pay, and is bleſſed with whatever it takes, or what it gives; and the joy cannot be equalled, if it end in gain, and if it loſe, it ſtill is attended with no pain: and though ever ſo much bleſſed, it is not attended with Satiety; and has the more reliſh, where it is moſt diſtreſſed: for the broadeſt mirth wears only the marks of unfeeling folly, and is far leſs pleaſing than the tears of virtue. It acquires good from every object, and from every place; is for ever exerciſed, yet never tired; is never elated, ſo long as one man is oppreſſed, and never dejected, when another is bleſſed; and where-ever there is no wants, no wiſhes can remain,

ſince you are always ſure to gain virtue, when you wiſh for it.

See this is the only bliſs that Heaven would beſtow, which every one who feels can taſte, and he who only thinks can be acquainted with: and all thoſe who have ever ſo much fortune, or are blind with learning, if they want virtue, muſt loſe, and the good man, untaught, ſhall find. It is a ſlave to no ſect, nor takes any private road, but looks through Nature up to Nature's God; purſues that chain which links together the immenſe deſign, and joins things mortal and divine; and heaven and earth together; ſees that no being can know any bliſs but what touches both, ſome above and ſome below; he learns from this union of the riſing whole, the firſt end, the laſt pur-

poſe of the human ſoul; and knows that as faith, law, morals, all began, ſo they muſt all end in love to God and man. For Hope alone leads him from goal to goal, ſtill opening on his ſoul, till it is lengthened on to faith, and unconfined, it pours in the bliſs that fills up all the mind. He now ſees the reaſon why Nature plants in man alone the hopes of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown: Nature, if he follows her dictates, is wiſe in connecting of Virtue with Bleſſedneſs; his firſt and ſtrongeſt deſire is to be bleſſed himſelf, after which he is ſtrongly moved to aſſiſt the whole human race.

Self-love is thus puſhed from ſocial to the love of things divine, and makes by this means his neighbour's bleſſing conduce to his own.

And as if this were too little for the boundleſs heart of a good man, he extends it, and lets his enemies have a part of it. Nay, he graſps the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe, in one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence, and finds his happineſs is more complete, as it riſes greater, and that his height of bliſs is ſtill heightened by greater degrees of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but the human ſoul muſt riſe from the individual to the whole. Self-love ſerves only to awaken the virtuous mind, in the ſame manner as the ſmall pebble, when thrown into the peaceful lake, moves the water; but when the centre is moved, a circle ſucceeds, and after that another, and ſtill another ſpreads; ſo the virtuous mind will firſt embrace its

friend, parent, neighbour, then its country, and after that the whole human race; and the overflowings of his mind takes in every creature of every kind; Earth ſmiles around, bleſt with his boundleſs bounty, and all Heaven beholds its own image in his breaſt.

COME then, my friend! my genius! come along; oh maſter of the poet and the ſong! and whenever my muſe ſtoops or aſcends to the low paſſions or the glorious ends of man, teach me, like thee, who art well ſkilled in the various orders of Nature, to fall with dignity, or to riſe with temper; and formed by thy converſation, happily to ſtart from the grave to the gay, from lively to ſevere; to correct the vices and follies of mankind, with eaſy elo-

quence, being always intent to Reaſon, and always ſo polite as to pleaſe. Oh! while thy name expended flies along the ſtream of Time, and gathers all its fame, let my little bark ſail attendant on thee, purſue the triumph, and partake of the gale. When kings, ſtateſmen, and heroes ſhall repoſe in the duſt, whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh that their fathers were thy foes, this verſe ſhall then ſhew to future ages, that thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend. That being urged on by thee, I turned the tuneful art from empty ſounds to the things themſelves, and from pleaſing the fancy to the improving of the heart; and held up the light of nature, inſtead of the falſe mirror of Wit; ſhewing erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT; that both Reaſon and

Paſſion, anſwer the ſame great aim; that true Self-love and Social-love are alike; that nothing but Virtue can make us bleſſed here below; but Virtue and the whole of our knowledge conſiſts IN KNOWING OURSELVES.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

O Thou Father of all, who in every age and every clime haſt been adored, by ſaint, ſavage, and ſage, under the different names of Jehovah, Jove, or Lord! thou art the great Firſt Cauſe, though thou be the leaſt underſtood; O do thou confine all my ſenſes only to know this, that thou art good, and that I myſelf am blind: yet give me in this dark eſtate to ſee the difference between good and evil; and that thou haſt left free the human

will, binding Nature faſt in Fate. Whatever my conſcience dictates to me to be done, make me purſue that more than Heaven, and whatever it warns me not to do, teach me to avoid and ſhun it more than hell. Let me not caſt away whatever in thy free bounty thou art pleaſed to give me; for thou art paid when men receive it with thankfulneſs; and to enjoy thy bounty is to obey thy command. Yet let me not think ſo mean of thee, as to imagine thy bounty is confined to this world alone, when there are thouſands of worlds around me. O let not this weak and unknowing hand preſume to throw thy bolts, and deal damnation round the world on every perſon I judge to be thy foe. But if I am right, do thou impart thy perſe-

vering grace, to keep me in the way; if I be wrong, oh teach my heart to find out that better way. Save me from fooliſh pride, upon the account of any thing thy goodneſs has lent me, and ſuffer me not to be diſcontented at any thing thy goodneſs has thought fit to deny me. Teach me to feel the woes and miſeries of my fellow-creatures, and do thou ſhew that mercy to me, that I ſhew to others. Though I muſt confeſs myſelf mean, yet I am not wholly ſo, as I am quickened by thy breath. Oh lead me, whereſoever I go, through this day's life, and through the dark valley and ſhadow of death. Grant that I may this day enjoy ſufficient food, and peace; but thou knoweſt beſt whether any thing elſe beneath the

ſun is for our good or not; and let thy will be done. Let therefore all Nature's incenſe riſe, and every being join in chorus to Thee, whoſe altar is all the earth, ſea, and ſkies, and whoſe temple is all ſpace.

The DYING CHRISTIAN

To his SOUL.

OH Thou vital ſpark of heavenly extraction! who art conſtantly trembling, hoping, flying! Ceaſe, fond Nature, Oh ceaſe thy ſtrife, and let me feel the bliſs of dying, and languiſh into life. Hark, how the angels whiſper! they ſay, Siſter ſpirit, come away! what can it be that thus quite abſorbs me, that ſteals away my ſenſes, and ſhuts my ſight? that drowns my ſpirits, and draws away my breath? Oh, tell me, my ſoul! can this be death? the world now recedes and diſappears; my eyes obſerve the heavens

open, and my ears ring with the ſeraphic ſounds of angels. Oh ye angels! lend me your wings. I find myſelf mounting, I fly! O grave! where is now thy victory? O Death! where is now thy ſting?

FINIS.

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